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"Only readers who not long ago saw a newsreel shot of the actual Sir Basil are likely to escape the curious suspicion that maybe there never was such a person at all" . . . *(See page 5)*

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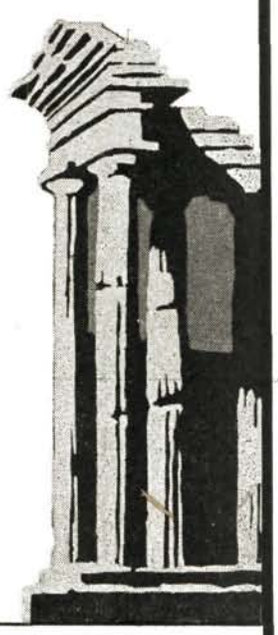

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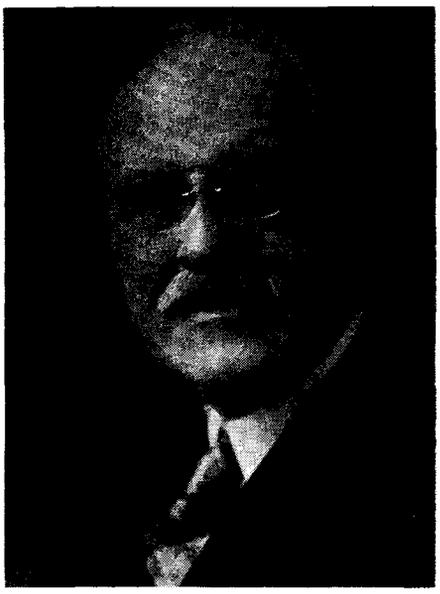
Black Controversy

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

If evidence is wanted that history repeats itself it can be found in a comparison between post-Reconstruction sentiment as manifested toward the men who wrestled with the aftermath of the Civil War and the attitude of the present toward the more recent events of the World War. In the latter instance as in the former the idealism that inspired the leaders of the time has been lost sight of in the recrimination that has sprung of its abuses. "Rarely," says Mr. Villard, "does any of these latter-day historians project himself into the temper and passions of the time,"—a statement which the present day could apply to itself.—The Editor.

THE "dark and bloody ground" of the reconstruction era refuses to remain interred deep under the pile of years. For a decade or more it has been repeatedly disinterred and dragged forth by a new school of historians, of whom Claude G. Bowers is an outstanding example. They can see no good whatever in the "radical" Congressional leaders of that period. Thaddeus Stevens appears as the devil incarnate, guided only by bitterness, hate, and a diabolical desire to humble the South by putting all the whites under black rule. Sumner was hardly less evil. The record of Ben Butler spoke for itself. Everything that they and their associates did was all wrong until the Federal troops were withdrawn from the South, and, having admittedly made a mess of the business of reconstruction, the Government washed its hands of the whole thing and abandoned the Negro Freedman to his second enslavement. It knew that the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, drawn to guarantee to the Negro his legal and constitutional rights, were already null and void. Congress itself had unmasked the horrible barbarities and killings of the first Ku Klux Klan. It was, therefore, well aware that the Negro was thenceforth at the tender mercies of the white Southern politicians who "ousted" the reconstruction "rascals" posing as the saviors of race and of the former Confederacy, and were soon not a whit better than, if as good as, those whom they ousted.

So the myth gained ground that reconstruction was wholly wrong and the reconquest of the Southern State governments wholly right; that there were only Negroes and carpet-bag scoundrels from the North associated with the former and only chivalric knights riding to the rescue of the embattled Nordics and especially the womanhood of the South with the latter. If it had not been for the Black Republicans, the legend runs, the wounds of the Civil War would have been healed much earlier and prosperity and wealth restored to the South decades sooner. As it is now the habit of certain superficial writers to blame the Abolitionists for the coming of the Civil War because of the violence of their language, forgetting the character of slavery itself, with its barter and sale of human beings, and Lincoln's "house divided against itself," so it is now the custom to blame the breakdown of reconstruction upon those men in Congress who were determined that the Negro should have all the benefits to which any other citizen of the United States was entitled.



Blank & Stoller
OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

They looked with abhorrence upon the system of having two classes of citizens under the American flag—the advantaged and the disadvantaged. They asked for the Negro trial by his peers, justice in every court, freedom from economic and social oppression, and equality in the use of such instruments of the social order as transportation facilities. These men doubtless suffered from the defects of reformers. Their ardor often affected their discretion. They were not without bias and they, like the men of the South, were filled with the bitterness and grief due to four years of slaughter of American citizens. It was anything but a favorable time for clear, cool-headed thinking. But they are now never given credit for the idealism which was theirs; nor for their desire to see to it that those who died under the Federal flag had not died in vain so far as the ex-slaves were concerned. They are, moreover, never praised for their statesmanlike vision that if something were not done the old South would be in the saddle again and the Negro once more an economic chattel. Rarely does any of these latter-day historians project himself into the temper and passions of the time. Most of them seem to think that it would have been the simplest thing in the world to have sat down at a table, victors and vanquished, and settled the whole thing in the course of a day or two.

It was, of course, a breakdown of statesmanship. But not on one side alone. The South, too, failed in its opportunity. Only occasionally did a Southerner like General P. G. T. Beauregard, the former fire-eater, honestly seek to accept the verdict of the war, and to coöperate with the Negroes and lead them into a new order. He wished to educate them and give them the vote under a property qualification. His Louisiana political group, comprising several thousands of the "best white citizens," declared in 1872:

> We shall advocate by speech, pen, and deed the equal and impartial exercise by every citizen of Louisiana of every civil and political right guaranteed by the Constitution and laws of the United States and by the laws of honor, brotherhood, and fair-dealing.

They specifically stated that by every citizen they meant "all men of *whatever race, color, or religion*" and they demanded for the Negro the right "to frequent at will all places of public resort, and to travel at will on all vehicles or public conveyances, upon terms of perfect equality with any and every other citizen." But that was precisely what Stevens and Sumner asked of the South and had a right to ask if the war was

Next Week

ROBERT HERRICK
By LLEWELYN POWYS

A HISTORY OF EUROPE
By H. A. L. FISHER
Reviewed by Wilbur Cortez Abbott

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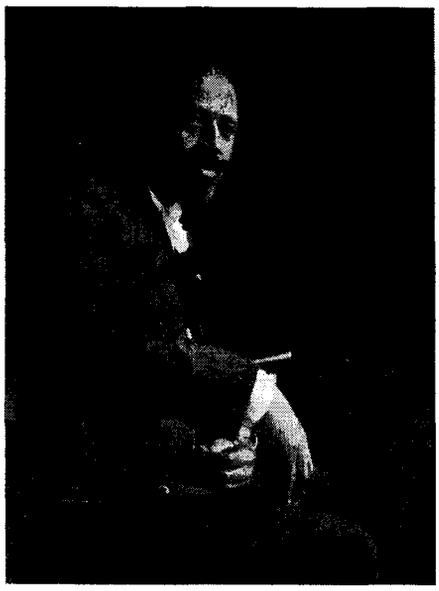
not to be all but in vain so far as the Negro was concerned.

Needless to say Beauregard's party was overwhelmed and he himself denounced for his loyalty to his new-old government in Washington, and the era of corruption, deliberate murder, and intimidation went on in Louisiana with no other protests from the better elements. Not another of the military leaders of the South spoke out. Robert E. Lee has been rightly praised for his submission, his prompt acceptance of the defeat, his throwing himself into the task of educating a new generation at Washington and Lee. But when he touched upon the question of Negro suffrage he merely said that if it should become plain to the State of Virginia that the Negroes would vote "properly and understandingly she might admit them to vote!" Again, Lee does not seem to have spoken out emphatically, if at all, on the horrors of the Ku Klux. John Sherman and other members of Congress testified as follows at to conditions in Louisiana, which differed but in degree from those in other States:

> Organized clubs of masked armed men, formed as recommended by the Central Democratic Committee, rode through the country at night, marking their course by the whipping, shooting, wounding, maiming, mutilation, and murder of women, children, and defenceless men, whose houses were forcibly entered while they slept, and, as their inmates fled, the pistol, the rifle, the knife, and the rope were employed to do their horrid work. Crimes like these, testified to by scores of witnesses, were the means employed in Louisiana to elect a President of the United States.

The perpetrators, be it noted, were not freed men, criminal Negroes, but the high-minded representatives of the superior race! Had Negroes been guilty of such things they would have been denounced as beasts and lusters for blood. There were Negro crimes, of course. What else could have been expected in view of the collapse of government? The law of action and reaction alone would have brought about offenses on the part of those being subjugated after being turned adrift to find a livelihood with nothing but the clothes upon their backs. But it is noteworthy that there are no recorded crimes of vengeance for brutalities and wrongs suffered during slavery days.

Lee was silent because of a deliberate refusal to be drawn into politics; because of a belief that the role he had played in the Civil War forbade his doing anything else than sticking to his scholastic last. But unfortunately others did not come out and protest. The result was not only nullification of the Washington reconstruction policy, but their own displacement as leaders by cheap demagogues of the poor white type later personified by the Tillmans, Bleases, and Vardamans. Men such as these and their predecessors flourished for generations because of the one-party system. Usually they rose to office on the backs of the Negroes, the candidates seeking to outdo each other in vilifying the blacks and reducing them more and more to servitude in default of other issues. Of course these triumphant politicians did not wrest the political power from the former slave-holding oligarchy in order to be just and fair to all, but to entrench themselves and their crowd in the seats of the privileged. They were successors of the black reconstruction governments, but their coming to power did not mean white coöperation with the Negro and the rapid advancement of the latter through education and equal social status, so that their prosperity and progress might add enormously to the wealth and



W. E. B. DUBOIS
Author of "Black Reconstruction"

welfare of the South. Nothing of the kind. As the Nazis in Germany seek to press the Jews deeper and deeper into the mire, and have already deprived them of all civic rights and the ballot, so the triumphant ousters of the reconstruction government sought more and more to depress the Negroes and strip them of all the protection the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were supposed to guarantee.

The trouble with many of the historians of the reconstruction period from John W. Burgess and his Columbia satellites down, is that they accept the contemporary representations of the carpet-bag government at their face value without having made a determined effort to get at all the facts, and after extolling the achievements of the rescuers of the whites from "odious black tyranny," stop there. They do not go on to inquire what the results have been; whether justice and fair play and good government and as rapid progress as should have come really took place. I do not deny that the carpet-bag governments, too often manned by scalawag politicians from the North, gave plenty of excuses for the attacks made upon them. But I do point out that the indictment of them has been overwhelmingly partisan and prejudiced, and that the Southern writers have not adequately assessed the results of what was substituted in their place. It is impossible to end the portrayal of the reconstruction period with the withdrawal of the last troops in 1879. For the evil that men do lives after them and the whole South has paid a tremendous price, and is still paying it, for the terrible social, economic, and political injustices of which the Negro is the victim to this very day. Good still has the habit of refusing to come out of evil. No one must deduce from this that I believe that the Negro should have been made the dominating class in the South. Far from it. The lost opportunity was the failure to work out a solution which would have meant cooperation and the mutual advantage of both races. Wendell Phillips foresaw and foretold all this. As Judge Stafford wrote:

> The Fifteenth Amendment is sneered at by millions at the North as the greatest blunder of the age. Today law journals publish labored articles to prove the amendment void. And yet what is the Fifteenth Amendment? What does it declare? Merely this, that a man's right to vote shall not depend upon his color or his race. The South is as free as ever to make the right depend upon any reasonable test than can be applied to black and white alike, education, property, what she will.

White domination has taken its toll from the mentality of the South and its intellectual development so far as both races are concerned. Booker Washington used to say that you could not hold a man down in a ditch without getting down into the ditch to hold him there. So we have one group held down by brutal economic power, by terrorism and lynching, by ignorance prolonged by deliberate starving of the Negro school system—in many cases by not even giving to the Negroes school facilities equal to the school taxes paid by them. All of this is the inevitable result of depriving a race of all weapons of self-defense, of all possibility of correcting injustice and unfairness by the historic American method of ballot box and legislature. And now on top of all this we have the results of the economic crisis which has enormously intensified the Negro's evil situation and made of the white and black share-cropper situation a positive menace to the welfare of the whole nation. Perhaps we can all agree upon this: that the wrong way was taken by both sides in reconstruction days and that the nation is paying a terrific price for the errors made.

(*Continued on page* 15)

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The Last of His Kind

ZAHAROFF, THE ARMAMENTS KING. By Robert Neumann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by ERIC HODGINS

SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF is unquestionably the last of his kind. He rose to his wealth and infamy as the super-drummer for a line of submarines and machine guns and heavy ordnance—but he did it in a day when a *munitions* factory was the one primary source of supply for a nation's warfare. It no longer is: war in the air and war by chemicals have enormously enlarged the types of plant needed for war materials—and the industrial mobilization plans which every first class power (including the U. S.) has tucked away in its War Department mean that any bookbindery can be made into a munitions factory if you want it to be. We have entered a war-making phase in which whiskers and greatcoats and musical comedy mystery and stealth are no longer necessary. They were necessary to the central character of Herr Neumann's book.

There is this to be said about Herr Neumann's book: it is no catchpenny. It was not thrown together in a hurry just to make an appearance coincident with news from Washington of the Nye Committee's hearings or news from London on the hearings of a Royal Commission to investigate armaments. On the contrary, Herr Neumann has been trying to track down facts about Sir Basil Zaharoff on and off for the last nine years.

But when you give Herr Neumann's book this faint praise, you have gone about as far as you can in your critical enthusiasm. His delvings have been conscientious, and his writing is completely honest; he nowhere makes a pretense of knowing more than he does know. But any reader who has ever before had a curiosity about Sir Basil will be apt to put Herr Neumann's book down with little feeling of nourishment. His book is full of weighty huddles and elaborate broken field-running, and terrific scrimmages. But when it is all over, the ball is just where it was before.

It is not wholly Herr Neumann's fault. Even if his methods of research were not juvenile, and his organization of facts chaotic, it would still remain that he has taken on an almost impossible job. He continuously admits it. "We are not quite sure whether . . ." "We can only conjecture . . ." "We are completely in the dark . . ." "We cannot offer any proof . . ." "If we may give credit . . ." After encountering a great deal of that through all the first third of the book, some readers are going to feel a drooping of the spirit when on page 87 they discover that "for the years that follow we do now really enter a dark period." And to the reader's discouragement there will also be added a generous confusion, for Herr Neumann throughout his book gives equal prominence to the facts he proves, the legends he disproves, and the rumors he questions. Only readers who not long ago saw a newsreel shot of the actual Sir Basil are likely to escape the curious suspicion that maybe there never was such a person at all.

The plain truth seems to be that Sir Basil lives in a stratosphere which heavier-than-air journalists like Herr Neumann will never be able to reach. Consult all the newspapers and books and magazines and other documents you like; interview as many Greek ex-Prime Ministers, international prostitutes, beggars, bankers, duchesses, and pimps (Herr Neumann commendably did all that) as you can lay your hands on—and Sir Basil will still continue to be born in five different years, and in four different places, and his life will shortly after "enter a dark period."

Yet there are people still living who could piece out a very lucid biography, if they only would. Mr. Lloyd George could unquestionably contribute some interesting chapters. So could M. Tardieu —or better, his friends MM. the Brothers Wendel or Eugene Schneider of Schneider Creusot. A good memory course for Sir Herbert Lawrence, present Chairman of Vickers Ltd., might help him to recall many an interesting fact. But these are sources closed to the private investigator. It is hard to imagine anything short of an international foundation, backed by a big endowment, blessed with incorruptible morals, and armed with the power of subpoena plus thumbscrews, that could really do the job that Herr Neumann so commendably set for himself and in which he was so unhappily foredoomed to fail.

Eric Hodgins is managing editor of Fortune*—the magazine which published the article on munitions makers, "Arms and the Men," which has been widely read and discussed.*

Lovers

By LAURENCE BINYON

STARS beyond number or imagination
Silent in the sky;
Shadowy valleys, and dark woods over them
Still, without a sigh;
A house, lost in the stillness and the vastness—
No house nigh;
A room apart, with not a whisper in it
As the hours glide by;
Sleeping in our star-surrounded darkness,
You and I.

THE MARKET PLACE, ADDIS ABABA
From "Wings Over Ethiopia" (A Paramount release).

The War, the League, and the Labor Party

ETHIOPIA AND ITALY. By Emile Burns. New York: International Publishers. 1935. $1.25.

Reviewed by FRANK H. SIMONDS

THE value—and the very considerable value—of this book lies in the clear and uncompromising fashion in which the author accepts the struggle which the League of Nations is waging against Italy as an opportunity for socialism and communism to strike down fascism in the country of its origin. It will be recalled that when the question of sanctions first came up the leaders of the British Labor Party, Lansbury, Ponsonby, and Cripps, opposed them, asserting that in the Abyssinian affair two imperialisms were in shock and that Labor should not be dragged into the fray.

The present author takes the line which prevailed in the British Labor Party and led to the resignation of its former leaders. He says:—

> And in these times, when the class war is more and more taking the immediate character of a people's struggle against fascism, the fact that the Italian war on Abyssinia is a fascist war, brings not only the working class in the usually accepted sense, but all those sections of the population who are very deeply opposed to fascism and war, into a unity of purpose which a clear understanding of all the factors involved may weld into a common policy and a common action.

This means of course, that socialism in its class war with fascism should take advantage of the situation created by the attempt of the League to stop Italy in the name of peace. Mr. Burns castigates Lansbury and his associates for failing to perceive that, since the Italian government was fascist, to support League sanctions in this particular case would not merely help in the preservation of peace —a relatively minor detail—but contri-

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bute also to "the defeat and possible overthrow of fascism in Italy."

The views of the Left in Europe, socialist and communist alike, so little realized in this country, where the issue in the Ethiopian affair is looked upon almost exclusively from the standpoint of international peace and not of Marxian concepts, are admirably outlined. For the Left, Mr. Burns asserts, support of the League's sanctions is indicated, because by this means the way for revolution in Italy will be prepared. Thus he writes: —

> In no case can revolution and the establishment of a revolutionary government be regarded seriously as an immediate issue except for the workers of Italy. For the workers in other capitalist countries the main immediate objective of their policy and action must be to help the Italian workers overthrow fascism by supporting every action that tends to undermine and discredit the Italian Fascist Government.

There is food for thought on the part of Americans in this plain talking. Mr. Burns frankly assumes that the action of the British Tories in pushing the League into the application of sanctions was the defense of their own capitalistic and imperialistic interests. But he argues that British Labor can take advantage of this situation to bring about the destruction of fascism in Italy and thereafter the destruction of Italian fascism will have important and profitable results for their domestic struggle against English capitalism.

In one word, the Tories are out to use Labor to destroy a rival imperialism, whereas the Laborites are attempting to exploit a battle between two capitalisms in such fashion as to carry forward their class war, and it has become a nice question who will succeed in making a tool of the other. Meantime what will strike the simple American mind most forcibly is that both the Right and the Left, the European Reds and reactionaries alike, are equally unconcerned with the League as an instrument to promote world peace and are similarly employing it to serve their own class wars. No one who wishes to understand all sides of the present European crisis should fail to read this brief but completely adequate statement of the radical point of view.

Mr. Simonds, one of the leading war correspondents during the World War, has written numerous books on foreign affairs.

BOOTH TARKINGTON
At his summer home in Maine.

Is Fiction Declining?

THE LORENZO BUNCH. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. TARKINGTON was quoted recently as saying that he believed the novel to be a dying art,—a victim of the increasing power of the talkie. It may well become so if writers of his calibre produce no better work than this tale. "The Lorenzo Bunch" is a sad performance for the pen which wrote "Alice Adams," for the satirical humor which there and in other of Mr. Tarkington's earlier novels played so revealingly upon the American scene has here cheapened to something verging on burlesque. Alas, it is impossible to escape the conviction that Mr. Tarkington has himself been seduced by the lure of the screen. His group of lower middle-class young couples, who chatter and gossip, quarrel and make love, and lead a thoroughly vapid existence within the close circle which their residence in the Lorenzo apartment has created, are presented with a garishness more befitting the motion picture than the novel. His depiction of the appearance of the leaders among them at the "arty" tea of the wealthy Mrs. Ives, and of the intimates about her, despite two or three pages of excellent portrayal, is of the same crass character. The situations one after the other stand out as scenes on the screen, composed to get a laugh, or to elicit compassion, or rouse indignation.

It would be unfair, however, to give the impression that Mr. Tarkington does not reveal flashes of his old skill. The opening pages of his book have a lively actuality of speech, humor, and veracity. The pages in which the beautiful, venomous, and romantic young woman who emerges triumphant at the end of the story meets her Waterloo at the hands of society, are admirably done. So, too, are the brief appearances of the schoolgirl. Mr. Tarkington's touch is still sure where youth is concerned. But these are brief interludes in a novel in which background, situation, and character are developed without subtlety or penetration. But "The Lorenzo Bunch" will make a hit as a picture.

Pinchot
PHIL STONG

A Novel for the Movies

CAREER. By Phil Stong. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

THIS brief novel of a middle-western town by the author of "State Fair" is quite as readable as the book which first made his reputation. The plot is familiar—made of those ancient and respectable materials out of which so many successful pictures have been fabricated. There is a self-indulgent and easy-conscienced banker, and an honest and humorous storekeeper who actually is the keystone of the town's morale. There is the weak and lovely banker's daughter, and the sober and valuable storekeeper's son, and they are in love! But the homely background of minor characters, and indeed the personalities of the major characters themselves, are by no means so conventional as this description of the plot would indicate. They are authentic middle America.

What is good about this novel is its homespun excellence of sentiment, the reality of its dialogue, and the quality of its humor. What is not so good is the too evident formula upon which the whole is constructed. That Mr. Stong looks through print to the screen is made quite clear, not only from this, but also a significant technical defect in the story. The minor characters, especially the humorous ones, are introduced without adequate explanation or description. You are supposed to see them (only of course you do not) as Mr. Stong saw them in his imagination, photographed in motion in a picture where they explained themselves so readily that no text was necessary. Here is a good novelist who forgets sometimes that he is writing a novel in his haste to get before the lens.

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Russia, Black and White

Two Reviews of Mme. Tchernavin's Controversial Book*

A review by CHARMION VON WIEGAND

IN her "Escape from the Soviets," Mme. Tchernavin posed as a victim of Soviet ruthlessness. It is therefore surprising to find her second book entitled "*We* Soviet Women." This new opus is a collection of stories about fifteen "Soviet" women. With two exceptions they are all described as bitter opponents of the Soviet system. The two exceptions are a G. P. U. investigator and a writer. The investigator is portrayed as a monster without a single redeeming feature. It was she who is supposed to have "framed" Mme. Tchernavin's husband. The writer is Maria Shaginian, whose books are widely admired in Soviet Russia.

Poor Maria Shaginian. She started with every advantage in life. She was Mme. Tchernavin's classmate; she wrote about oriental flowers and skies. Came the accursed Bolsheviks. Poor, poor Maria began to pay attention to the colossal creative labors of the Russian people rebuilding society. From Caucasian flirtations the unfortunate Maria turned to socialist constructions. Merciful heavens —she sank so low that even Lenin praised her writings. But Mme. Tchernavin is charitable; she understands the fallen Maria, so deaf and nearsighted that she cannot see the atrocities of the Soviet system. Now Madame herself is more fortunate; she is grateful to fate for the sharp eyes and acute ears which enable her to spy on the wicked Bolsheviks. A member of the pre-revolutionary petty bourgeoisie, Madame modestly calls herself the last representative of Russian culture. That for Prince Mirsky, Prince Obolensky-Ossinsky, Mme. Kolonati, Professor Schmidt, hero of the Cheluskin episode, Maxim Litvinoff, Chicherin, and others who, like Maria Shaginian, fell into the political gutter of communism.

Madame's technique of describing contemporary Russian life is simple. It consists of appending the adjective "soviet" to anything she does not like or understand. If a middle-aged gentleman of the old school flirts with a girl on the tramway, that is the result of the "soviet" degeneration of morals. If husbands leave their aging wives, that is also a purely "soviet" crime. Communists are very dirty, as distinguished from the impeccable Russians of the czarist regime; at the same time Moscow stinks with disinfectants. Soviet citizens do not care for art, nevertheless, poor Madame was overworked in the Petershof museum by the workers and peasants who crowded around her to see the art treasures.

When one's hatred is too consistent, one's "facts" are bound to be inconsistent. One could make an excellent pro-Soviet case out of Madame Tchernavin's own contradictions.

I happened to live in the Soviet Union during the period described in the latter half of Mme. Tchernavin's books. I travelled from Leningrad to the Urals, from Moscow to the Black Sea, from the Volga to Siberia. I met thousands of women in churches, factories, offices, museums, theatres, farms, and rest-homes. I found them happy, vigorous, creative beings, secure in the knowledge that they were part of a great social reconstruction. Mme. Tchernavin's types exist only as echoes of the dead past. If "we" soviet women spoke for themselves, it would be a different story.

Charmion Von Wiegand, daughter of the war correspondent Carl Von Wiegand, has spent some years in Soviet Russia. She has written foreign correspondence for American journals and is a contributor to various magazines.

A review by MADELEINE P. GRANT

THIS collection of episodes from the lives of different types of Russian women was selected with a purpose and written with emotion. For these reasons it cannot be critical. But this document, which gives a sincere account of Soviet atrocities, should be read by anyone attempting to understand the social philosophy of the new Russia. Evaluation of any experiment necessitates an understanding of methods used. Russian atrocities since the Revolution form one part of the total picture of Soviet methods. The reader is brought close to the sufferings of many groups of people through the simple and sensitive reporting of Mme. Tchernavin. There is no melodrama. The reader should, however, distinguish those episodes which might be due to human frailties found the world over from those which might be considered consequences of the Soviet regime.

Harris & Ewing
TATIANA TCHERNAVIN

"We Soviet Women" is not a study of the economic and social status of present-day Russian women, as the reader might be led to infer from the title. Mme. Tchernavin has selected narratives centering around different women, and with this as a plan, she comments upon such issues as marriage and divorce laws, the fate of the intelligentsia of the old regime, the treatment of those born of unacceptable social origin, favoritisms bestowed upon wives of high officials, cruelties of the G. P. U. Mme. Tchernavin knew directly, or very closely, the women of whom she writes. As a librarian in the Leningrad University during 1931-1932 she came to know the University students, their hunger and fatigue which made scholarly achievement impossible. Employed as a trained museum curator at the Hermitage, she witnessed other women appointed to positions of high rank in museum work with nothing to bring to the profession but the fact that they were wives of high officials who were temporarily in favor.

The tourist visiting Russia will want to read "We Soviet Women." It will help him to become critical of some of the things which his Russian guide leads him to see at the Mother and Child Institutes, the Marriage and Divorce Courts, the Birth-Control Clinics, the Crêches, the Student Cities, the Collective Farms, etc. W. H. Chamberlin writes, "I have sometimes wondered whether there is some undetected magical quality in the air or the climate of the Soviet Union which makes some of its sociologically-minded visitors cast away all sense of proportion and all capacity for criticism." Mme. Tchernavin's writings will help the visitor to build some immunity to this magic air. On the other hand, the tourist will no doubt return from Russia having gained knowledge of other aspects of the total picture which indicate a gradual working out of a thrilling program, aspects which are not recognized by Mme. Tchernavin. With these experiences, the tourist may wish to turn to "Factory Family and Women in the Soviet Union" by Kingsbury and Fairchild, and learn of the methods used by the expert in an attempt to evaluate certain aspects of Soviet planning. These authors conclude, "In Czarist days the woman worker suffered most as an individual. It is she as an individual that has profited most under the Bolsheviki."

Madeleine P. Grant, a member of the staff of Sarah Lawrence College, is a biologist who has recently traveled extensively in Russia.

* *WE SOVIET WOMEN. By Tatiana Tchernavin. Translated by N. Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1936. $2.50.*

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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American Words

THOSE who read M. Faÿ's recent essay on Symbolism may have wondered where these United States came into his picture of a language revivified by men who cared only to give form to their own individual intensities. To be sure he mentioned Hemingway and Gertrude Stein in passing, yet his argument was drawn from three Frenchmen drunk with genius, and ended with a French language no longer empty, standardized, and dead as at the end of the Romantic Movement, but once again become a possible instrument for the expression of a soul.

Is English, as he intimates, a tongue ill-adapted, except as a stereotype, to the thoughts and feelings of the hundred millions who have carried it away from the island where its roots were in the soil? Is American English, a borrowed language, standardized like ready made clothes to fit men and women who have never made language for themselves? Do we need a Symbolist movement in America to revitalize our English speech by individualizing it? To drop these rhetorical questions—Is American English stale?

The answer is not quite so simple as M. Faÿ would imply. He feels that Gertrude Stein has given us our medicine, which all can take and be cured. American words "feel that they are moving and all of it is detached and is detaching anything from anything and in this detaching and in this moving it is being in a way creating its existing." But Miss Stein is more like a doctor than a doctor's medicine—shall we say a brilliant quack doctor who taps the innocent patient's knee saying, "See how you kick without intending it; these words you use also work beyond your volition, they are sounds not meanings, trust to me and make nonsense of them and thus see how much more truly you express yourself." Well, yes, words are sounds, and freed from their stereotype of meaning they do express many vague incoherencies some of which might be more coherent if we ourselves escaped from the stereotype and forced our words into meaning ourselves. But this is only a diagnosis, not a cure. One can meditate on the sound "rose" for an hour as the Hindu meditates upon his navel, without getting very far toward the revitalizing of English.

The difficulty seems to be implied in M. Faÿ's essay. He believes that the Romantic Movement consecrated literature, and therefore language, to social purposes. It made language serve men not a man, and hence inevitably took away from speech that racy individualism which is essential if words are to be more than adding machines good for trade purposes but inadequate to the heart. Such a conclusion serves to fit the romanticism of Longfellow better than the romanticism of Wordsworth. Nevertheless, it is interesting to turn with this definition in mind to the United States and the American language. Has there been an adaptation here of this language to the individual peculiarities of the American experience? Englishmen and Americans would both answer in the affirmative; indeed the recent "Dictionary of Modern American Usage," of H. W. Horwill, and the great dictionary of American usage now being prepared by Sir William Craigie, are sufficient evidence that the growth of English on the North American continent now needs its reference books and vocabularies.

And yet in literature, with few exceptions of which Poe is the most notable, this reshaping of our common English has undoubtedly been put to social uses chiefly. Whitman developed what he regarded as American rhythms, but his vocabulary, which was not his strong point, is a consciously democratic vocabulary, meant to serve the "en masse." Thoreau, who is certainly racy, had little sense of words as such (as his poetry proves); he again fitted standard English to New England rather than to his own soul. Mark Twain, curiously enough, comes nearer the ideals of Symbolism than either of them, but only in his dialogue, where he is deeply concerned with an American speech that expresses more than its literal meaning. And today, if one wants to find a new vocabulary more expressive of actual American experience than standard English, one must seek it in such proletarian novels as "Marching, Marching!" reviewed here recently, where again the purpose is clearly social, the writer's interest in expressiveness being not so much that of an artist as of a journalist trying to find a medium which is adequately articulate for a submerged class.

In such journalism, in magazine humor, in the columns, in the comics, in vaudeville, and sometimes on the radio is an American language that is unstandardized, expressive, and rooted in the environment. But with some exceptions for journalism, these modes are not true arts, in that the speaker or writer has little concern for intense self-expression, but imitates or plays with words to get his job done, or to amuse an audience. Thus their influence is slight and usually evanescent. Language gains a word or a phrase now and then, hardly ever a new depth or accuracy of speaking. Only powerful artists achieve that.

The conclusion is evident, that unless the vitality of the American language is to be merely vigorous, crude, and narrowly expressive, there must be practitioners who use the tongue for its own sake, which means for themselves. Fresh and original expression must be broken loose from baseball games, Negroes, Yiddish stories, the proletariat, and humor, where it is chiefly to be found, and be taken on as a major job by individuals of genius who love beauty as well as strength, and feel that the sonnet may be as important as the scenario of a movie or the patter of Mickey Mouse. We need a Verlaine, we need a Valéry. And once we realize that need we see that this last literary era has not been without Americans who have known that our speech had grown inadequate, and that only by wreaking themselves upon language could they satisfy their conscience as artists, whose function and whose happiness were to make human nature in their own time and own place articulate. We agree with M. Faÿ that among these men Hemingway deserves a place, although his psychological limitations constantly harass him. We should add Archibald MacLeish as another example, and Robert Frost, who will deserve more honor from his remakings of language than from his supposed eminence as the pastoralist of New England. The times call for such individualists in language. Without them all attempts to put the great social movements of this era into durable literature are doomed to failure.

Ten Years Ago

In a late Fall issue of *The Saturday Review* in 1925, Stark Young reviewed "Women" by Booth Tarkington and found rather less in the novel than he expected. To quote his faint praise: "*The book begins* [as] *a little drama of associations, people living the same way in the same set and same surroundings, comfortable, Middle-Western, suburban, American. It ends by being a community collection of short stories, variously fair. . . . There are none of your poisonous modern knowledges, no odious and disturbing foreign intensities.*"

Today

On page 6 of this issue, Amy Loveman reviews Booth Tarkington's new novel, "The Lorenzo Bunch." "*It is impossible,*" she writes, "*to escape the conviction that Mr. Tarkington has . . . been seduced by the lure of the screen.*"

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Letters to the Editor: *An Exhibition of School Books*

Reading Without Tears

SIR:—Insufficient study has been made, it seems apparent, of the forces that have shaped the literary tastes of the great masses of Americans. The most widely read books ever written and published in this country, although they are not mentioned in the literary histories, are the old Primers and Readers studied by generations of American school children.

Opportunity to study the influence exerted by these books is offered by an exhibit of a large collection of old American school books which the Newark Public Library has just opened. The seven hundred volumes on display have been assembled for the occasion from chief collections of early textbooks, notably those at Harvard, Columbia, Rutgers, and New York Universities, as well as the American Antiquarian Society and various museums and publishers. Numerous items have also come from readers of *The Saturday Review* in response to an appeal published in its letter columns some weeks ago. The exhibit will continue until the end of January.

The early Primers and Readers constitute a particularly fascinating section, but the exhibit is by no means confined to those books alone. A variety of old spelling books, geographies, histories, arithmetics, and other texts is also shown. Early prints of school scenes, old diplomas, badges of merit, and slates are included as well. And to complete the story, a sprinkling of the more advanced textbooks now being published are shown. An illustrated catalogue of the exhibit, containing a brief account of the history of textbooks in this country, written by Will S. Munroe, is published by the Library.

Three of the titles represented in the exhibit share among them the honor of being the most widely printed and read books ever written in this country. They are, in order of their appearance, "The New England Primer," Noah Webster's "Blue Back Speller" and McGuffey's series of "Eclectic Readers." Although records on the subject are not complete, it is known that each of these titles sold well into the millions of copies. "The New England Primer," published in Boston prior to 1690, was the first book ever written specifically for use in American schools and it held almost universal sway for a century and more. Noah Webster's "Blue Back Speller," on the profits from which Noah and his family lived for twenty years while he was completing his Unabridged Dictionary, is said to have sold over seventy-five million copies. Several editions of "Old Blue Back," as it was called by those who learned to spell from it, are included in the exhibit.

In the pages of the famous McGuffey readers, and their contemporaries and imitators in the field, such as the National Readers, the Monroe Readers, the Standard readers, and others shown at Newark, direct evidence is seen of the influence of these old school books on the literary

"WELL, YES, HE DOES CALL A SPADE A SPADE—BUT HE'S SO WHIMSICAL ABOUT IT THAT YOU WON'T MIND."

taste of the man in the street. Among the selections of prose and poetry in the Readers are printed a group of poems which the average American recognizes and spouts (at least the first few lines) as readily as he whistles "Yankee Doodle" or "Old Black Joe."

To understand the influence of these Readers, it should be recalled that in intensity and length of use they surpassed anything known to modern book publishing. The McGuffey Readers alone are estimated to have sold in excess of one hundred and twenty-two million copies. The school readers were, in fact, often the only non-religious books available to children who grew up before the turn of the century. They flourished in the days before the abundance of children's literature or the services of the public libraries. Their editors, unembarrassed by copyright difficulties, included in them the most popular works of the favorite authors of the day. A check of a number of those most widely in use from 1850 to 1900 reveals that certain pieces were almost standard. In virtually all of them are found "The Old Oaken Bucket," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," and "Woodman Spare that Tree." These were by authors whose other works are for the most part forgotten. From the standard authors were chosen with almost the same unanimity Longfellow's "Paul Revere's Ride," Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," Gray's "Elegy," Bryant's "Thanatopsis." The selections were intended to be studied and learned by heart, to be recited with elaborate gestures at school assemblies and other public occasions.

Just one hundred years ago, in 1836, William H. McGuffey, the Ohio College professor, published the first of his Readers. They were by far the most popular of all the Readers and they are said to have been in use as late as 1900. As recently as 1925, Henry Ford sponsored a facsimile reprint of the entire series. Mark Sullivan in his "Our Times" quotes a number of prominent men and women who recall using McGuffey and states that "to millions, to probably nine out of ten average Americans, what taste of literature they got from McGuffey's was all they ever had."

A word, before ending this account, must be said of some of the other outstanding items in the exhibit. One of the primers published by Harper's in the 1850's deserves mention for its title alone: "Reading Without Tears." Another is a geography for children by Harriet Beecher Stowe, which the lady seems to have written for the purpose of proving the superiority of our country to all foreign countries. From among the charm of the old letter writers, cyphering books, and moral tracts must not be forgotten the "Easy Reader," whose introduction warns the young scholar to

Learn to read slow;—All other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

RUSSELL NEWCOMB.
The Public Library,
Newark, N. J.

John Greenleaf Whittier

SIR:—I have undertaken to write a definitive biography of John Greenleaf Whittier. Unpublished material by, to, or about Whittier is most eagerly sought. I shall be grateful for the privilege of examining such material, and shall return it promptly to its owners in its original condition. My temporary address is 22 Summit Avenue, Haverhill, Mass., and my permanent address 3439 Indian Road, Ottawa Hills, Toledo, Ohio.

JOHN A. POLLARD.

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Prophet of Destruction

BIOGRAPHY OF PERCIVAL LOWELL. By A. Lawrence Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by HARLOW SHAPLEY

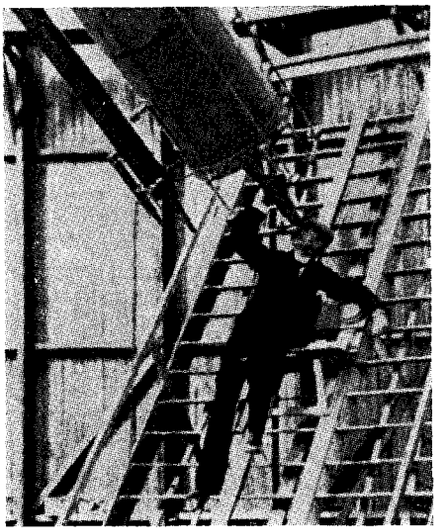
PERCIVAL LOWELL had a dramatic imagination. To him the birth, evolution, and death of a world was a pretty spectacle for the fortunate gods; it was a show with some really stirring passages. He visualized four ways in which a planet could be cured completely of living phenomena. These remedies are: collision with a star, tidal action that eliminates the earth's rotation and therefore spoils our biologically necessary day and night, the loss of water and atmosphere, and the gradual dying of the sun. All of these, his biographer reminds us, he cheerfully reports are sure to happen; but for at least three of them the inevitable catastrophe will occur only at a very remote time. The collision with a star, however, although extremely improbable so far as recognized luminous stars are concerned, is not so impossible if space is populated with dead and dark stars that may creep upon us unexpectedly out of cosmic darkness.

The disruption of the planetary system, or even the shattering of the sun itself, by a lightless celestial body seemed to the imaginative Lowell sufficiently probable to justify a dramatic account of the death of the world. Let us quote enough from his picture of our last days to get our own picture of the poet-scientist-adventurer whose life and labors have been recorded frankly and carefully in an exceedingly readable volume by his distinguished brother, the former president of Harvard University.

> It would be some twenty-seven years from the time [the death star] entered the range of vision of our present telescopes before it rose to that of the unarmed eye. . . . Humanity by this time would have been made acquainted with its sinister intent from astronomic calculation, and would watch its slow gaining in conspicuousness with ever-growing alarm. During the next three years it would have ominously increased to a first magnitude star, and two years and three months more have reached the distance of Jupiter and surpassed by far in lustre Venus at her brightest.
>
> Meanwhile the disturbance occasioned not simply in the outer planets but in our own earth would have become very alarming indeed. The seasons would have been already greatly changed, and the year itself lengthened, and all these changes fraught with danger to everything upon the Earth's face would momentarily grow worse. . . . Day and night alone of our astronomic relations would remain. It would be like going mad and yet remaining conscious of the fact. Instead of following the sun, we should now in whole or part, according to the direction of its approach, obey the stranger. For nineteen more days this frightful chaos would continue; as like some comet glorified a thousand fold the tramp dropped silently upon the sun. Toward the close of the nineteenth day the catastrophe would occur, and almost in merciful deliverance from the already chaotic cataclysm and the yet greater horror of its contemplation, we should know no more.

A cheerful scientist, this man Percival Lowell!

In one of his books Percival Lowell expressed his belief that the discoveries, methods, progress, and tentative speculations of scientists should not be kept in the staid and dignified seclusion of technical journals. His dramatic popularization of his own work, through books, magazine articles, and lectures, was undertaken neither for personal gain nor for reputation—he had no need of either—but as a service to science and to the intelligent public. And, so far as scientific standing among contemporary professional scientists was concerned, he paid the usual price.



PERCIVAL LOWELL
At the time when he observed and recorded the canals on Mars.

Percival Lowell was a gifted man. Inheritance provided him with the opportunity of being a gentleman of leisure; but his active mind and restless spirit never permitted him the leisure, except during a few years of broken health that resulted from excessive scientific labor. He was a writer of distinct literary skill, an orientalist, a mathematician of ability much above that of the average scientist, an organizer of research, a business man, and a versatile scientist. An eminent botanist says that if death had not interrupted various investigations in Arizona, "there is every reason to believe that as a botanist Percival Lowell would have become famous." But it is as an astronomer that he attained an enduring fame.

America is known for the high distinction and valuable work of its amateur astronomers. Scores of them are now making useful contributions, mostly under professional guidance. Lowell was the most distinguished amateur that American astronomy has known, for not only did his industry and enthusiasm equal those of the best, but his means to carry out programs were unexcelled.

Several monuments mark his career. The most important is undoubtedly the astronomical observatory he founded and endowed at Flagstaff, Arizona—an institution where members of the staff he chose more than twenty-five years ago have continued to make important contributions to our knowledge of planetary atmospheres, the constitutions of stars, and the mechanism of the universe—discoveries that could not well have been made except in this exceedingly favorable site personally selected by Lowell, or made without the inspiration with which Lowell guided the activity of the new institution up to the day of his death in 1916.

A second monument is the turning point created by him and his colleagues in the methodology of analyzing planetary atmospheres. In spite of the stubborn opposition excited by his over-interpretation of Martian details among his astronomical contemporaries, it is now generally granted that Lowell was a keen observer and that many of his deductions suffered chiefly through being ahead of their time. A third is the ultimate discovery of the ninth planet of the solar system. It was decidedly in keeping with the dramatic element in Lowell's way of living and thinking that the discovery of Pluto was announced in 1930 on his birthday, March 13.

The fourth enduring memorial to Percival Lowell came through his good fortune in having his brother for a biographer, for the volume under review is put together with a sympathetic understanding of the man, a competent knowledge of the technical details of astronomical calculation and research, and an appreciation of what is fit to record and interpret of those entertaining Japanese studies and writings of the 1880's. (As would be expected, the volume fails to mention that the very powerful photographic telescope with which Pluto was discovered was the gift of A. Lawrence Lowell to the Flagstaff Observatory—a memorial to his brother and an indication of his faith that the predicted ultra-Neptunian planet, whose symbol now combines the letters P and L, could be and should be discovered from a peak in Arizona.)

Professor Henry Norris Russell, of Princeton, has written two appendices for the "Biography of Percival Lowell," one dealing with the prediction for and discovery of Pluto, the other with the researches carried on at the Lowell Observatory.

Harlow Shapley is professor of astronomy at Harvard University and director of the Harvard College Observatory.

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A Communist View of China

CHINA'S MILLIONS. By Anna Louise Strong. New York: Knight Publications, Inc. 1935. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE E. SOKOLSKY

ANNA LOUISE STRONG went to China to discover another Russian Revolution. That she did not find. Instead, she was enabled, by her experiences, to write, with deep penetration, of a tour through several provinces of the country and across Mongolia.

When Miss Strong writes of the Chinese people, when she describes cities and individuals, when she speaks of political leaders, she gives evidence of insight and grasp such as one hardly expects in a person who spent so little time in China. Her analysis and characterization of Feng Yu-hsiang is so correct and complete that even one who had known the Christian general all his life, could not have painted a fuller portrait.

But when Miss Strong discusses Chinese politics, she suffers from a naiveté and credulousness, characteristic of communists, whether Russian or American. Communists have a formula; whatever does not fit is ipso facto wrong. Thus, although she was in the very center of the struggle between Chiang Kai-shek and Borodin, she fails altogether to grasp that the essential element of weakness in Borodin's position was that he was a foreigner, that his activities led Chinese to assume that he was trying to govern them, and that he was more concerned with the interests of his country than with the welfare of China. Borodin's expulsion from China, of which Miss Strong's book is a diary, was as necessary to China as it was inevitable.

A COMMUNIST CHINESE STUDENT SPEAKS: *From "Eyes on the World" (Simon & Schuster). The skull and bones symbolize the speaker's willingness to die for his country.*

Nowhere in the book is Miss Strong even remotely unprejudiced and fair to Chiang Kai-shek. He killed the Communist Revolution; he drove Borodin out of China; he sent his armies to fight Chinese communists. Therefore he is a traitor and a tool of the imperialists.

Here is an inevitable communist *non sequitur*. Chiang Kai-shek did all the things that Miss Strong says he did, but he is no traitor to China. Rather is he serving China according to his own point of view which is accepted by millions of Chinese as correct. He is seeking to develop in China a national state, independent of all imperialists, including Soviet Russian imperialism. That task is undoubtedly complicated by the necessity of fighting remnants of Chinese communism, which Chiang Kai-shek, along with millions of other Chinese, regards only as the particular weapon of Russian imperialism. It is a pity that Miss Strong is so lacking in historical objectivity that she cannot understand Chiang Kai-shek's activities and appraise his motives justly.

Again, Miss Strong has not always been treated fairly by her Russian informants. For instance, although for some time previous to Borodin's expulsion there had been negotiations between Nanking and Wuhan on the subject, the immediate act was the disclosure of instructions which Borodin had received from Moscow by the Indian communist, Roy. Miss Strong misunderstands this situation and was apparently misinformed about it. Actually, the situation was that those at Wuhan, Sun Fo, Wang Chin-wei, and other so-called Left Wingers of the Kuomintang, were anxious to abolish the Wuhan government and to unite with Nanking. But Borodin was on their hands and they knew not how to get rid of him politely. Chiang would have no dealings with them as long as Borodin was in China. In the meantime, the situation had changed in Russia and Borodin's influence was no longer so potent in the Russian capital. This was known in Nanking and probably in Wuhan. Therefore when Roy disclosed to Wang Chin-wei and Sun Fo, Borodin's new instructions, which were definitely to intensify the communist struggle, they took advantage of the situation.

An incident in this connection may perhaps make it clear how Miss Strong and other American associates of Russian communists are not always taken into the confidence of the Soviet leaders. She says: "Only years later, from the memoirs of Sun Fo and Tang Leang Li, did I learn the details . . ." (of this event).

Ossip Garber
ANNA LOUISE STRONG

I was then the political correspondent of the *North China Daily News*, a British paper in Shanghai. Although we were very antagonistic to the Wuhan government, a very few hours after Roy showed the instructions to the Chinese, I had them in Shanghai and we published them, after verification. Obviously, if those at Wuhan had not planned to rid China of Borodin, this news would not have been made available to me.

Miss Strong deals rather fully with the White Terror in Hunan. In retrospect, she discusses somewhat the Red Terror. Of course, that is her right, for she is telling only what she saw, heard, and experienced. Nevertheless, it is the Red Terror in Hunan that made her trip across Mongolia possible, for it spread horror over China. After the Red Terror in Hunan, communism became abhorrent to the Chinese people.

Chapter IV, "Through the Mountains of Shensi," is a brilliant description of the pre-capitalistic culture of the Chinese of the interior. No description of Chinese peasant life equals it, not even Pearl Buck's novels. Here Miss Strong gives evidence of a deep intuitive sense, of a full appreciation of the character of what must have been to her a strange people. Just before that she had met a Chinese general in Sianfu who said to her:

> Our first task, is to carry out the will of Dr. Sun in which the first step is the People's revolution. It is not yet time for the World revolution. We must first awaken the Chinese people to secure their rights.

To her these sentences were ambiguous. Yet, that is what the Chinese really believed then and believe even more now. And that is what puzzles me so much about Anna Louise Strong. When she is descriptive, she is so understanding; when she is polemical, she is utterly at a loss to see the other point of view.

For me, the constant intrusion of communist propaganda spoils one of the best books on China written in many years.

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"Midsummer in the Mind"

UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Edited by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi, and Alfred Leete Hampson. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1935. $7.50.

Reviewed by F. O. MATTHIESSEN

OF these one hundred and thirty-one unpublished poems and poetic fragments of Emily Dickinson's at least a dozen come close to her highest level. Several reverberate with her most somber tones in their expression of her loneliness, of the horror of too much time, of her feeling that she has barely survived the night, and her full recognition that the human frame is "manifold for anguish." At the same time there is her particular mastery of balance in her realization of how the spirit grows accustomed to the dark of suffering, in her desire for order that will not let her be content with "a lesser than the whole" and yet that knows how wholeness is gained through circumscription. She wants

> A landscape, not so great
> To suffocate the eye.

And if in these poems there is less expression of her ecstasy in living that finds its raiment in the beauties of nature, there still remains her entire assurance that "exhilaration is within," that the outer world takes size, tone, and color from the inner, that the one season she really wants is "midsummer in the mind."

Such balancing of light against dark, courage against despair, acceptance against longing, reveals again her understanding of Emerson's important affirmation that "All things are double, one against another." This constitutes the source of the dramatic urgency in her poems, since no drama can exist without this double grasp of good and evil; and Emily Dickinson's dramatic sense is preeminently the attribute that brings focus and significance to what would otherwise disperse into a confused series of tiny lyric ejaculations. Her drama is seen with its equally characteristic intensity and restraint in the opening poem of this volume:

> My triumph lasted till the drums
> Had left the Dead alone,
> And then I dropped my victory
> And, chastened, stole along
>
> To where the finished faces
> Conclusion turned on me—
> And then I hated glory
> And wished myself were They!
>
> What is to be—is best described
> When it has also been,—
> Could Prospect taste of Retrospect
> The tyrannies of men
>
> Were tenderer, diviner
> The Transitive toward.
> A bayonet's contrition
> Is nothing to the Dead!

This is Emily Dickinson's own kind of war poetry. Her victory frequently lies in resignation or renunciation, in the perception of heroism in defeat; here it consists in quiet rejection of the world's values, in the discovery of its brutality. Such mastery of the world by rejection is a part of the New England strain: it is enacted by the most typical characters of Henry James as well as in the life of Jonathan Edwards. What gives Emily Dickinson's articulation of it peculiar vitality is her exact balance between abstraction and sensation. This delicate poise, as Allen Tate has remarked, constitutes the "metaphysical" quality of her poetry. On the one hand, she does not lose herself wholly in a plunge into sensation as Whitman often did; on the other, she does not soar into the dry air of abstraction, as Emerson, despite his best intentions, was always too prone to do. As a result, the dramatic struggle of her spirit, though tightly centered in a narrow sphere, embraces a common human reality.

EMILY DICKINSON

No notice of these new poems can end without a note of perplexity. After the "final complete edition" of the poems by Madame Bianchi in 1924, the unexpected "further poems" in 1929, the apparent collection of every scrap and fragment in "Emily Dickinson Face to Face" in 1932, one was hardly prepared for the existence of so many additional manuscripts. But no word is given here as to why they have hitherto been withheld, nor as to why they are issued now only in a limited expensive edition, nor whether they are to be followed by still further volumes. Nor is it clear why they are all described as "unpublished." Even a first reading reveals that the poem beginning "Never for society" appeared in the "Letters," edited by Mrs. Todd, as did the last two stanzas of "That after horror that was Us." More confusing still, Madame Bianchi herself has previously included the final stanza of "It might have been lonelier" as a separate poem in the complete works. Variations between the text printed by Mrs. Todd and that presented here are quite marked; and confidence in the frequently difficult punctuation and obscure wording of the present edition is not increased at finding a misreading ("hid" for "hide") in the one short poem that is reproduced in facsimile.

Despite the full flavor of many of these poems, it becomes constantly more evident that the one great service that is due Emily Dickinson's reputation is a collected and—hopefully—complete edition based as closely as possible on the chronological arrangement of the manuscripts. Madame Bianchi has herself commented on the marked transformation that her aunt's handwriting underwent during three different periods of her life, a fact that would facilitate such arrangement. How rewarding such a method could be Professor Whicher has already indicated by dating as many poems as he can from following all the hints given in the "Letters" and from the few manuscripts that are not possessed by the family. The value of such an edition would be very considerable: it would allow for the first time some insight into the stages of Emily Dickinson's development as a poet; it might well reveal distinct periods of preoccupation with special themes; it would certainly enable us to bring into some pattern the many variants that exist of substantially the same poem, as the poet seems to have felt her way through partial success and experimentation of her finished whole. And, most importantly, knowledge of all these factors would throw into full relief her few great poems in a way that the conglomerate heaping up of the present editions now makes it difficult to see them.

F. O. Matthiessen is the author of "Sarah Orne Jewett" and "The Achievement of T. S. Eliot."

Visitors From Abroad

AMERICA STRIKES BACK. By Gustavus Myers. New York: Ives Washburn. 1935. $3.75.

JUST how to deal with foreign critics of America who have never visited these shores or who, if they have, have limited their travels to one or two cities or at most a section, has long been a problem. Should their charges be refuted or ignored? Should the Biblical injunction "Behold the beam in thine own eye" be invoked or should the plaintiffs simply be laughed out of court? The last has much to recommend itself, for did not Georges Duhamel, recently elected to the French Academy, write of the terrible tyranny of the American automobile the while he himself held the speed record from Paris to the Riviera?

Of the charges most frequently levelled at America certainly the most familiar has to do with her alleged materialism. With chapter and verse to prove his point Gustavus Myers shows that America has had and continues to have no monopoly of that particular commodity. If the material on political corruption and jobbery in America or on the pervasiveness of Babbittry be more voluminous, that is readily explained: whether it be a congressional inquiry or the latest novel, a capacity for self-criticism is shown in this country that is not always so clearly in evidence elsewhere.

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The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Ballade of a Horoscope

A strong, impulsive, passionate nature . . . . self-willed, headstrong, independent . . . . not an easy person to deal with . . . . reason doesn't have any effect on your emotions . . . . a curious twist causes tension to turn into inertia . . . . instability. . . .
—*Heaven Knows What*
(a book of horoscopes)

ASTROLOGY we sing!
Though people don't adore us
The horoscope's the thing
That makes allowance for us:
Our resolution's porous?
Our morals vertigo?
We had the Sun in Taurus,
The Moon in Scorpio.

To both extremes we swing
While moderates deplore us—
Now full of visioning,
Now tough as dinosaurus.
At least they'll not ignore us,
And if our tastes are low,
We had the Sun in Taurus,
The Moon in Scorpio.

Then let the Scorpion sting
And let the Great Bull gore us:
An alibi we bring
For conduct indecorous;
Yes, when our mothers bore us
The stars were thus and so—
We had the Sun in Taurus,
The Moon in Scorpio.

Envoy

O Zodiac, restore us
When friends are shocked. You know
We had the Sun in Taurus,
The Moon in Scorpio!

Harry B. Smith

SIR:—Much has been written about that prolific librettist, the late Harry Bache Smith, but I wonder if you don't want to mention something about Hank Smith, the man.

Harry Smith, my friend and mentor, was a curious anomaly. With the soul of a real poet, he fashioned jingles for Broadway shows, thousands of them stepping out and belting the globe.

With a fine and discriminating taste in English literature, he concerned himself with writing books for literally hundreds of operettas, musical-comedies, and reviews; besides, much material for music-hall skits.

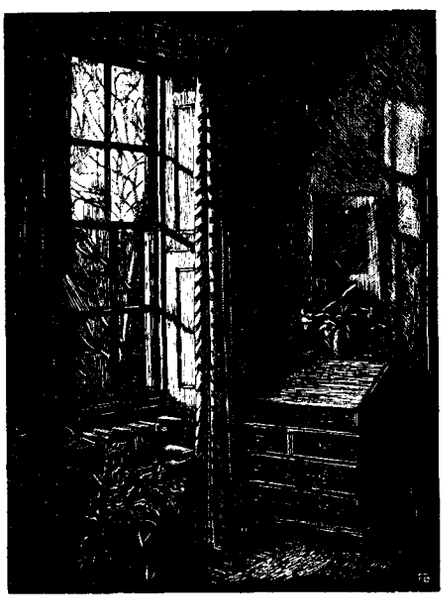
His familiarity with Eighteenth and Nineteenth Century French literature and drama was extraordinary and he could find his way about in symphonic and other serious music—not, mind you, as a stumbling amateur, but with deep knowledge and sensitive appreciation. His privately published "Life of Richard Wagner," with its accompanying schedule of music cues, discloses profound knowledge of the subject which would do great credit to any Wagnerian authority.

Harry, himself, was no slouch at the pianoforte, either as solo-performer or as a sympathetic accompanist.

He was a kind and courteous critic and somehow elicited from his composer-collaborators some of their best and most lasting work. It is a great pity that the vast Radio audience little knows that much of the oft-played lighter operatic music heard now, but written during the last thirty-odd years, was composed for his texts.

I, of course, knew him well as a playwright. But it was Harry B. Smith, the bibliophile, who endeared himself to me forever. During the course of some thirty-five years, he amassed a comparatively small, but truly amazing, collection of the treasures of Nineteenth Century English literature, which he affectionately called, "A Sentimental Library"—in what, under that title, is perhaps the most charming book about books ever compiled.

He was not only an omnivorous reader and an enthusiastic collector, but he was a bibliographical oracle on the rarities of the Brontës, Browning, Byron, Dickens, Keats, Shelley, Thackeray, and many others. Incunabula, Black-Letter, and first editions, per se, held little or no interest for him. But a copy of the first issue of a book, inscribed by a beloved author's hand and presented by him to some interesting personality — almost whilst still warm from the press—such an item rarely got by Harry Smith in the formation of his library. He once told me that the only books he regretted were the ones he did *not* buy.



WOODCUT BY FREDA BONE

Harry lived his full life with gusto and dash. His general erudition and grasp of current topics were remarkable, and in his seventies, if you please, he was in constant demand with publishers for his tender ballads and popular lyrics.

His companionship was invariably stimulating. His heart was ever young and his friendship, once gained, was treasured always.

With the passing of Harry B. Smith, Broadway loses a notable figure and the world a gallant gentleman.

JEROME KERN.

Banned Books

An interesting bibliography, though carelessly proofread, is *Banned Books* (R. R. Bowker Co.) in which Anne Lyon Haight gives "informal notes on some books banned for various reasons at various times and in various places." This is a recapitulation of the unusual exhibition shown by the Junior League of New York City last April. Ranging from Homer and Confucius down to Mrs. Stopes and Will Durant, even this partial list of works which for one reason or another have been prosecuted, expurgated, withdrawn or destroyed outright, is extraordinary. One who had never read anything but "banned" books might still have gained a large education. Among Mrs. Haight's notes we observe with special interest that *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* is said to have been banned in Russia, and that *Alice in Wonderland* has been proscribed in China (in 1931) by the Governor of Hunan Province. His reasons were that "Animals should not use human language, and it is disastrous to put animals and human beings on the same level." There is a picturesque touch in the note on the prosecution of Baudelaire for "outrage aux bonnes moeurs" in *Les Fleurs du Mal.* "Baudelaire was arrested in the cemetery of Montparnasse, where he was peacefully reading Boswell's *Life of Johnson.*"

Perhaps the most amusing of the many episodes was the seizure by the U. S. Customs of a book containing a reproduction of Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" in the Sistine Chapel. This was held to be obscene. It appears that obscenity is not only a matter of pictures or language but applies also to musical notes. At the opening night of a Russian opera (Shostakovitch's *Lady Macbeth of Mtzensk*) in Philadelphia (April 1935) "some obscene

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trombone notes so shocked certain ladies that a large number walked out."

Among the long list of works that have been in trouble at one time or another: Shelley's *Queen Mab,* Andersen's *Fairy Tales, Hernani, Uncle Tom's Cabin, The Scarlet Letter, Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Ghosts, Mrs. Warren's Profession, Sister Carrie, All Quiet on the Western Front, Green Pastures, Antic Hay.*

Speaking of writers who have frequently been reproached, it's always an odd surprise to realize that the saying "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" comes not from the Bible but from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey.*

The fanaticism of radicals and intellectuals, be it observed, is just as amusing as that of conservatives and fundamentalists. Mrs. Haight records that in a school textbook in Russia it was discovered that the word for God was printed with a capital letter. The initial was changed to lower-case in each of a million copies before the edition was allowed to reach the pupils.

Perhaps there is only one simplicity greater than that of suppressions and expurgations. That is to suppose that they are always foolish, or that there will ever be a time when men will not encourage others to think the kind of thoughts that will be most convenient.

Great are the inconsistencies of man! I myself am more shocked by the laxity of this book's proofreading than I would ever be by the pudendous material it catalogues.

A Baker Street Irregular

SIR:—You once raised the question, what became of young Stamford, who first introduced Dr. Watson to Sherlock Holmes. I have my own dark idea as to that. Stamford drank heavily, you know. He had a glass of wine that day at the Criterion Bar. He must have been something of a spendthrift and a flashy fellow generally. Dr. Watson, you remember, says he had been a "dresser." That takes money as you should know. He made too many friends and drifted into evil ways. When he needed money he asked people to go on his note. When they refused, he forged their signatures and eventually fell afoul of the law. In spite of his natural feeling for an old friend, Holmes finally had to take a hand. If you will look in *The Adventure of the Solitary Cyclist,* you will see how he and Watson arrested Archie Stamford, the forger, near Farnham on the borders of Surrey.

HERMAN MILLER.

Columbus, Ohio.

Here is a cheerful shout from Willard N. Hougland, book critic in Kansas City. He was pleased by a remark made about "provincial book reviewers who don't get quoted in the blurbs but write reviews because they love good things." He says:

"*The Street I Know* was one, *Cast Down the Laurel* another, and many more which I have reviewed. Already I see copies of Gingrich's book on the 59c table—first editions, too, and I weep silently as I crawl to the darker recesses of the book stall where I will not be offended by those who seek best sellers—the very tag which will immediately make me hate a book. My heart goes out to those Don Quixotes of the book shelf, who sally forth in a bright jacket, unafraid and confident, only to become dusty and shopworn after months of rest, still hunting for a windmill to fight. If I should die with considerable wealth I am going to post a sum for the housing of poorest sellers—some place where their price will *not* be marked down, and I will hire folk to go into ecstasies over their great excellence, reviewers will *buy* space in newspapers to make them Sell, and LO! they too will soon be numbered among the Best Sellers, and I will hate them . . .

"Enough of this—I haven't been in a book shop for over a week—I must go into one for a moment."

Books on Trains

The railroads are said to have done well with their bicycling specials, winter sport specials &c. Occasionally we have thought how agreeable it would be to stock up a baggage car with books and run a train onto a siding somewhere where the passengers could spend a peaceful day simply reading. There would of course be complete dining and club car service, and those socially inclined could pick out their own kinsprits by noticing what books were being read. (Books in plain wrappers supplied to those who did not wish to talk.) Very likely Mr. Fred Melcher, editor of the *Publishers' Weekly,* could be persuaded to go along as adviser, host, and highest common factor.

The road that should try this would of course be the Reading. But even as we were brooding the matter, M. K. shows us an article in *The Listener,* the magazine issued by the British Broadcasting Company. It appears that the London & Northeastern Railway has actually started on a parallel track. Says *The Listener:*—

"The decision of the L.N.E.R. to inaugurate on its Silver Jubilee Train a scheme whereby a number of new books will be available on loan to passengers for the duration of the journey is an excellent one. It is only surprising that such an obvious amenity should not have been adopted before, since all other places of temporary confinement and enforced inactivity, such as ships, waiting rooms and prisons, provide literature. What experienced traveller does not know that fatal moment when, faced with a long journey, he suddenly finds himself bookless. What relief, then, to know that he is not thereby condemned, for the rest of the journey, to gaze out of the window at Essex or Cambridgeshire, or worse still perhaps, at the face of the passenger opposite; for there is a lending library on the train."

Victorian Memories

PORTRAIT OF A FAMILY. By Eleanor Farjeon. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by ELIZABETH COX WRIGHT

OUT of a childhood full of emotional significance and from a memory of which novelists are made, Eleanor Farjeon has produced a long book and an engrossing one. "The Portrait of a Family" is both history and art. Perhaps it is the former which will appeal to most readers. Miss Farjeon, daughter of Benjamin Farjeon, a minor Victorian novelist, and granddaughter through her mother of Joe Jefferson of Rip Van Winkle fame, gives us the London Jewish Farjeons, and at greater length, the delightful Jefferson family in a record surely not surpassed in its sympathetic telling, its imaginative interpretation. The summer fun of the Jeffersons while Eleanor's mother was growing up in Paradise Valley, Pennsylvania, their winter gayeties in Boston and New York, are obviously all related from the lips of the lovely Margaret herself as she later enthralled her English children with American songs and family anecdotes.

The marriage of Farjeon and Maggie Jefferson and their homemaking in London, is the prelude to the second part of the book. In this the emphasis is on the Nursery, a nursery of the nineties, with its four incredibly imaginative children. The centre of consciousness is "Nellie," although the Nursery swings around Harry the eldest, and interest is kept up in the parents, still Ben and Maggie as well as Papa and Mama. In this section history continues with news of Joe Jefferson through letters, and with sparkling, intimate glimpses of the London theatrical world. Ada Rehan, Henry Irving, Ellen Terry, and W. S. Gilbert and many others, were worshipped as heroes in the Nursery which went to performance after performance in complimentary boxes.

It is the skill with which Miss Farjeon has organized her chaotic and extremely personal material (childish rites and fetishes, nursery games and magic) that gives the form to this work of art. And it is the glow of her love for parents and brothers that gives it emotional unity. The vigor of the first characteristic and the honesty of the second keep the "Portrait" well on this side of prolixity and sentimentality, although an unsympathetic reader might wish a slightly shorter book.

Elizabeth Cox Wright is a member of the English department at Swarthmore College.

Erratum

By a regrettable error, the price of "A Marriage Manual," by Hannah M. Stone and Abraham Stone, reviewed in our issue of January 4, was printed as $2. The correct price is $2.50.

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Black Controversy

(*Continued from page 4*)

Undoubtedly the white historians on both sides, North and South, have written with bias. It is therefore an event of great significance that we are finally beginning to hear from the third party to this grievous problem, that an historian of the black race has presented the Negro point of view. Dr. W. E. B. DuBois in his recent remarkable book "Black Reconstruction in America, 1860-1880,"* has made an extremely valuable contribution to the history of the reconstruction legislatures and above all he has approached the whole problem from a new and original point of view—a strong socialist point of view. Hence, reconstruction becomes for him only an episode, if a very tragic and utterly unhappy one, of the class struggle, of the effort of labor everywhere to win recognition and adequate compensation and decent living conditions. In consequence he lays the blame for the total failure of reconstruction not merely upon the Southerners, but upon white labor which failed to come to the rescue of its colored brethren, with the resultant increasing of its own difficulties, and struggles. As Dr. DuBois puts it:

> The South, after the war, presented the greatest opportunity for a real national labor movement which the nation ever saw or is likely to see for many decades. Yet the labor movement, with but few exceptions, never realized the situation. It never had the intelligence or knowledge, as a whole, to see in black slavery and reconstruction the kernel and meaning of the labor movement in the United States.

As for the reconstruction governments and legislatures, Dr. DuBois shows that they were not wholly dominated by Negroes. Let us take the case of South Carolina as Dr. DuBois has brought out the facts. True, in the South Carolina constitutional convention there were seventy-six Negroes, of whom fifty-seven had been slaves, to forty-seven white delegates. But what did this convention do? It voted a free common school system, establishing the obligation of universal education for the first time in the history of the State. Discriminations of race and color were abolished, and the rights of women were enlarged. Thus, the property of a married woman could not be sold for her husband's debts, and for the first time in its history this benighted State was given a divorce law. A court of probate was established in each county, judges were made elective instead of being appointed, imprisonment for debt and duelling was abolished, and so were property qualifications for voting or holding office. This constitution was adopted by the people, 70,000 voting for it, 27,000 against, and 35,000 abstaining. It was denounced by a convention of whites as "the work of sixty-odd Negroes, many of them ignorant and depraved, together with fifty white men, outcasts of Northern society, and Southern renegades, betrayers of their race and country." Yet after the reconstruction governments had ended, the conservative whites were content to live under it for no less than eighteen years, and when, in 1895, the next constitution was written it retained many of the features enacted by those vicious and degraded Negroes.

As in Mississippi and Louisiana, the South Carolina Negroes took steps toward the confiscation of large incomes (anticipating Franklin Roosevelt by seventy years), toward better labor conditions and, "in some cases, distribution of land to the peasant." It is true that everywhere there were speculation and crookedness in which the representatives of *both* races participated. The post-bellum South was overrun by employees of Northern bankers and capitalists and by all sorts of adventurers who sought to force loans upon

THE NEGRO AND THE POLITICIAN

*A reconstruction cartoon. The politician's "change of face" is shown by turning picture sidewise.**

states and cities, were in search of special privileges, were eager to build railroads, and were quite ready to bribe and corrupt as many legislators as necessary. Why not? That was the history of the New York Legislature and many others in the North throughout the post-bellum boom and down to our very own times. Why should the South have been spared? But, as one of the South Carolina Negro legislators, Thomas E. Miller, put it in replying to the wholesale vilification of his fellow legislators by Senator Tillman:

> We were eight years in power. We had built schoolhouses, established charitable institutions, built and maintained the penitentiary system, provided for the education of the deaf and dumb, rebuilt the jails and courthouses, rebuilt the bridges and reëstablished the ferries. In short, we had reconstructed the State and placed it upon the road to prosperity and, at the same time, by our acts of financial reform, transmitted to the Hampton Government an indebtedness not greater by more than $2,500,000 than was the bonded debt of the State in 1868, before the Republican Negroes and their white allies came into power.

To which Dr. DuBois adds: "If there was one thing that South Carolina feared more than bad Negro Government, it was good Negro Government."

Undoubtedly Dr. DuBois goes much too far in attributing to the embryonic unorganized labor stirrings of the sixties much of the solidarity, the coherence, and self-consciousness of the labor movement—such as it is—of today. The sin of special pleading remains the chief sin of the historian! Similarly he does not keep within historic bounds in portraying the hegira of the Negro during the war from the plantation to the North and the Northern armies as a sort of conscious general strike, as part of a Marxian move against capitalism. Was it not rather the natural, unconscious, unorganized drift of embattled and endangered masses in the direction of freedom and safety? But one cannot dissent from Dr. DuBois's verdict that as it turned out it was all "a triumph of men who, in their effort to replace equality with caste and to build inordinate wealth on the foundation of abject poverty have succeeded in killing democracy, art, and religion." I cannot forbear also to cite the following brilliant and eloquent passage among many in this important and enlightening book, with its contribution to history that no future historian of the period can overlook:

> One reads the true, deeper facts of reconstruction with a great despair. It is at once so simple and so human, and yet so futile. There is no villain, no idiot, no saint. There are just men; men who crave ease and power, men who know want and hunger, men who have crawled. They all dream and strive with ecstasy of fear and strain of effort, balked of hope and hate. Yet the rich world is wide enough for all, wants all, needs all. So slight a gesture, a word, might set the strife in order, not with full content, but with growing dawn of fulfilment. Instead roars the crash of hell. . . .

Reviewing the whole problem thirty-eight years after he wrote his great report to President Johnson of 1865, Carl Schurz declared that what we now have in the South "is one of the problems which defy complete solution and can only be rendered less troublesome." He was still of the opinion that the North was justified not only in the Amendments, but in other measures that it took right after the war to prevent the Negro's immediate reënslavement. Under the circumstances of the times and because of the curse of politics in the whole reconstruction venture, and because of conditions in the South, it was perhaps an insoluble problem when Lincoln died. Yet it need not have been and I for one remain of the opinion that the Black Republicans have been justified by time in their aims and ideals, and in the general statesmanship of what they proposed.

Oswald Garrison Villard, grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, is an authority on reconstruction history and one of the outstanding exponents of Negro rights in the country.

* New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1935. $4.50.

* Picture from Rare Book Room, Library of Congress, reproduced in James Truslow Adams's "History of the United States" (Scribners).

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An Esthetic Feast

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE BOOK OF JOB. By William Blake. Introduction by Laurence Binyon and Geoffrey Keynes. New York: Pierpont Morgan Library. 1935. $75.

Reviewed by FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

IT will be generally conceded that William Blake best bears comparison with the great creative masters of the graver in his ripest work, the designs for the Book of Job. John Linnell, young water color painter, and admirer of Blake, proposed the series, offering Blake very generous terms, five pounds a plate, and a hundred pounds should the receipts warrant. The prints bear the date March 28, 1825, but were not put on sale until nearly a year later. The informal contract between Blake and Linnell bears the date March 25, 1823, so Blake was nearly three years in preparing and engraving the twenty-one designs on the copper, finishing them about a year before his death. By a singular good fortune practically all Blake's anticipations of and studies for the "Book of Job" have been preserved and have now been published by the Pierpont Morgan Library in a set of five albums.

The first album contains all the critical matter, and clearly guides the thrilling study of the development of these grand designs. It reproduces also the separate studies which antedate the inception of the series, and offers facsimiles of all known trial proofs of the prints. Between 1785 and 1807 Blake made in various media four compositions which later passed with revisions into the series. In 1820 or a little earlier Blake's devoted patron Thomas Butts ordered, or at least bought, the initial series of twenty pen drawings washed with water color. These are now among the major treasures of the Pierpont Morgan Library. These in admirable facsimile constitute Album II.

Wishing a duplicate of the Butts set, John Linnell carefully traced the outlines on India paper. Of this set, comprising Album III, the accomplished American collector Mr. Egerton Winthrop owns sixteen, and the remaining four are in the hands of as many lucky amateurs. The Linnell Set has in general the characteristic decorative richness of the finer Blake—with the flaming reds well in evidence—but the line is pretty well devitalized and the coloring of such uneven quality, that despite a credible record that the tinting is Blake's, I feel a further analysis is necessary. I happen to have studied recently a number of Linnell's very skilful water colors, and hazard with all reserves the theory that he had a considerable hand in the coloring, especially in skies and landscape. It seems probable to me that Blake merely applied the finishing touches. However that be, the interest of this set is merely collateral. It is also considerable, for it was this set which Blake had before him when in a series of rapid pencil sketches he reduced the scale by about three-quarters—to the size of the future engravings.

These pencil sketches were carefully kept by Linnell and are still in the hands of one of his descendants, Mr. T. H. Riches. Album IV, which reproduces them, is to a curious student possibly the most fascinating of the set. For in these very slight sketches we have clearly marked the processes by which the earlier somewhat discursive designs were made denser and more pregnant. That the very elaborate engravings—"overlabored" they were called at the time—could have been made from such rough notes as the pencil drawings seemed very unlikely. A carefully finished series on the scale of the prints was to be supposed.

It actually turned up in 1928, at Sotheby's, but it awakened misgivings. Of all places in the world, it came from New Zealand. It is published for the first time in Album IV and is closely of the scale of the prints. Unlike the other painted sets, it includes the title page. Its numerous variations from the prints and the Linnell set are intermediate, and confirmed as such by the pencil drawings. The coloring is Blake's most gorgeous, the drawing, at its best, equal to his finest. Except the unfinished Dante series, the New Zealand set is the last monument of Blake's creative activity as applied to themes that elicited all his powers and inhibited his weaknesses. It seems to me simply the most precious Blake item existent, and to own it must be like having the Sistine ceiling in one's possession.

The final Album, V, is devoted to a facsimile of the prints from a fine set of proofs. The original coppers are deposited in the British Museum, but to have printed from them would have been to expose the plates to undue wear, and probably would have produced inferior results. In the prints appear for the first time the fantastic, very open borders, with texts—odd and charming relief for the austerity of the designs proper. Since there are no preliminary sketches, one may imagine that Blake improvised these borders on the copper, perhaps while resting up from the more arduous part of his work.

This admirable publication offers to the homekeeping art lover, who will use it aright, incomparable opportunity for spiritual and esthetic experiences of the deeper sort. One may share the very gesture of the imperious hand of William Blake, and the very throb of his amazing temperament and intelligence. This work is a unique resource for which gratitude is due to the Pierpont Morgan Library and to the group of gentlemen who made such a publication possible. Everyone who can is advised to buy it before the necessarily limited edition runs out.

Frank Jewett Mather is emeritus professor of art and archeology at Princeton University. He was at one time the art critic of The New York Evening Post.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 94)

SINCLAIR LEWIS—
"IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE."

But most of the wishy-washy young people today—going seventy miles an hour but not going anywhere. . . . Getting their phrases from the comic strips instead of from Shakespeare and the Bible and Veblen and Old Bill Sumner—Pap-fed flabs!

Bliss Perry Writes His Autobiography

AND GLADLY TEACH. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1935. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

EXCEPT for the ten years when he edited the *Atlantic Monthly,* Professor Perry taught all his life, at Williams, Princeton, and Harvard, and liked it. Now, in the leisure and quiet of an Emeritus, he tells the story of his busy and fortunate life. It is a story quite in the tradition of New England men of letters. Arthur Perry, father of Bliss, held, at Williams, the first, or one of the first, chairs of Political Economy in America, in the days of Mark Hopkins. Whoever has known any of that father's five sons, can understand in a measure the academic success of the eldest. It is a vigorous and stimulating family.

Bliss Perry graduated from Williams in 1881, and was almost immediately appointed an instructor in English there. At his first faculty meeting the President asked his opinion on some point of undergraduate journalism. "I stated it as clearly as I could. Then, perhaps mischievously, the President called upon my father as the senior professor. 'What my boy has just said,' remarked father cheerfully, 'doesn't mean anything.'" In 1886 he was promoted to a professorship with a two years' leave of absence, and went to Germany. "That Germany possessed the sole secret of scholarship was no more doubted in the eighteen-eighties than it had been" seventy years before. It scarcely occurred to the young scholars that they could go anywhere else. He studied at Berlin and Strasburg, returned to Williams in 1888, and four years later was called to Princeton. There he seemed to be settled for life, but in 1899 the invitation to succeed Walter Page on the *Atlantic* was too attractive to resist.

When Barrett Wendell went to France as exchange professor in 1904, President Eliot asked Perry to take over some of Wendell's lectures, and the following year offered him the famous chair that had been held by Longfellow and Lowell. He continued for some years, however, a part-time connection with the *Atlantic.* In 1909-10 he was in France as Harvard lecturer there, and thereafter was a Harvard professor until his retirement. "I had no quarrel with the preceding half century"—he says apropos of his fiftieth year class reunion in 1931, where he was the only representative of literature and felt isolated among those who gloried in the age they had lived in—"no quarrel except this: that in the one kind of activity in which I was interested, it had failed to keep pace." It had been a great age in science and in industry, but not in literature.

In these troubled days of melancholy prophecy and distorted opinion, it is good to read a man who is sane, serene, and witty, who looks wisely on the sunny side of things. Happiness and success did not come to him by accident, but because he attracted them to him.

Arthur Colton is a novelist, story writer, and literary critic.

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JAMES GOULD COZZENS

MEN AND BRETHREN

by the author of "The Last Adam"

Another superbly drawn central character—the young New York clergyman—(everyone remembers the doctor in THE LAST ADAM) emerges from another brilliantly mature novel by this young American writer. "Even better technically than THE LAST ADAM, it moves straight through crowded hours, telling a story and bringing fourteen characters fully alive."—*N. Y. Times.* "It's a finer work than THE LAST ADAM, conceived on a wider scale and executed with a firmer, surer touch. It's head and shoulders high above its fellows." —*Harry Emerson Wildes.*

2nd printing, $2.50

PHIL STONG

CAREER

by the author of "State Fair," "The Farmer in the Dell," etc.

This is the story of Carl Kreuger, a genial, plain-spoken Iowan whose general store has been the hub of Pittsville for generations. And of his son Ray who will some day have a career out in the world. It is Mr. Stong's special talent to recreate the microcosm of a town like Pittsville, to understand that fibre of character which is essentially American. That is what gives CAREER its genuine human appeal—the funny and sometimes tragic doings of the community, the reality of all its people, and the central drama of Carl Kreuger, whose career suddenly emerges in the evening of his life. $2.00

HARCOURT, BRACE AND CO., 383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

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Gothic Scholarship

THE GREAT TOM FULLER. By Dean B. Lyman. Berkeley, Calif.: University of California Press. 1935. $2.25.

Reviewed by THEODORE SPENCER

THIS is a book one would like to be able to praise. It is painstaking and accurate, and Mr. Lyman does his best to make his hero alive. He has investigated the proper sources, and related the events of Fuller's life in the proper order and in the proper proportion. The result should have been a neat piece of scholarship.

But unfortunately the book amounts to almost nothing. We are glad to have a new life of Fuller, but his life, which was in no way dramatic or unusual, has interest for us only in so far as it is related to his works and to the intellectual, as well as the physical, movements of his times. When we pick up a book about such a man we want more than documentation, however accurate, concerning the details of his career; we want to see him, not merely as an isolated individual, but as a man who lived in a period of intellectual and emotional excitement; we want, not just biography alone, but a combination of biography and criticism, something both comprehensive and penetrating; in short a sound re-interpretation of an individual and typical figure whom our age has largely forgotten.

This larger view of his job Mr. Lyman has not attempted; in fact he has deliberately put it aside. "Of Tom Fuller's . . . second life in the books which he left behind him, this is not the place to speak." Why not? His books are the only thing about Fuller which make him memorable, without them there is no justification for writing his life. But Mr. Lyman never discusses them, and as a result his account of Fuller, though it has at times an almost attractive naiveté, is—I use the adjective deliberately—a barbarous performance. Barbarism and decadence share one characteristic: they cannot distinguish the accidental from the essential; that may be a reason why, as we look back on history, barbarism and decadence have been contemporary phenomena. If this book is to be taken as representative of American scholarship, then American scholarship is in a bad state: there seems to be nothing in common between the civilization which produced Thomas Fuller and the civilization which has produced his most recent biography. Mr. Lyman sees nothing but the immediate fact; in this case the external details of Fuller's life. Fuller is not presented in relation to his age, to the growth of English prose, to the development of English biography. He is studied merely as an isolated figure.

What is chiefly distressing about this book is that it represents a general tendency; there are dozens like it being turned out by university presses all over the country. It is the sort of book that might have been written by a cultured Goth in the sixth century about such a writer as Suetonius, assuming that sixth century Goths felt a need for scholarly publications. Like so large an amount of American literary scholarship, Mr. Lyman's book has merely produced an accurate set of facts which may in time serve as the basis for a truly critical appraisal of his subject.

Theodore Spencer is a member of the English Department of Harvard University.

Flying Typewriter

SEVEN LEAGUE BOOTS. By Richard Halliburton. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1935. $3.50.

RICHARD HALLIBURTON, that irrepressible composite of Marco Polo, Benvenuto Cellini, Dean Swift, Doc. Cook, Joan Lowell, and Bob Ripley, has been at it again. Again he demonstrates his ability to transport you all over the world without for a moment evoking the illusion that you have departed from your own fireside. In his latest, "Seven League Boots," he hops from Florida to Siberia, taking Christophe's fort and Columbus's bones in his stride, and finishes with a ride across the Alps on an elephant, after looking in on the monks at Mount Athos, Haile Selassie, the ruins of Minos, and other points.

It is all extremely readable, utterly superficial, and frequently unbelievable. That the allegedly true story of the assassination of the Czar of Russia and his family should be sandwiched casually between a yarn about buying an elephant and one about a man 153 years old, is a fantastic commentary on the author's evaluation of his own material. His defense would be that the incidents are related in the order in which they happened, which brings back the main point that this book is principally about how the world looks to a glib young man on a flying typewriter.

It is strange to find a man so physically energetic who is so intellectually indolent. He is completely satisfied with surface manifestations, as when he says of Fort Jefferson on the Florida Keys, "Some forgotten file in the government archives may hold the secret," but far be it from him to try to find that forgotten file.

On the jacket of this book, Mr. Halliburton is pictured riding on the back of a brown elephant. There is no such thing as a brown elephant. Is this a subtle hint by symbolism?

Keep It Quiet

But take a peek at these Reviews:--

SAYS Christopher Morley

"The most amusing way to begin the New Year is by reading Richard Hull's *Keep It Quiet.* Mr. Hull began 1935 with the most viciously humorous detective story of recent times (The Murder of My Aunt) and this new one is a worthy successor. *And,* a magnificent novelty, it's laid in a men's club and there's not a woman in the story."

Saturday Review

(In its *Guide to Detective Fiction*) "Delightful demonstration of how a joke *may* go too far. Witty, decorously exciting, and brilliantly written. None better."

Will Cuppy

(In *Herald Tribune Books*) "Here's a book you miss at your own risk—a most amusing tragi-comedy (or something) about double death in the Whitehall Club by the author of 'The Murder of My Aunt.' Why can't we have more mysteries by entertaining authors who write with the same kind of brains used in other books?"

KEEP IT QUIET By Richard Hull *A Minton, Balch Book*

At all bookstores $2. PUTNAM'S

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE FIFTH TUMBLER *C. G. Clason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two murders in Chicago family hotel baffle cops until mousy Prof. Westborough solves the problem.	Good dialogue: speedy action: pleasantly unobtrusive romance: surprising windup and good sleuthing.	Extra good
MURDER STALKS THE MAYOR *R. T. M. Scott* (Dutton: $2.)	Gangsters of high and low degree seek to ruin Mayor Craddington of N. Y., but Aurelius Smith outwits 'em all.	Helter-skelter affair; packed with sure-fire situations, crawling with villains, and sketchily written.	Run-of-mill
HENDON'S FIRST CASE *John Rhode* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Chemist dies, ostensibly of ptomaine poisoning. Rookie detective smells mice and Dr. Priestley helps catch 'em.	Interesting as study of two different styles of crime-solving but too talky and too academic for most readers.	A bit boresome
THE STRING GLOVE MYSTERY *Harriette R. Campbell* (Knopf: $2.)	Horsey young gambler with malicious animal magnetism falls on English hunting field. Effeminate Mr. Simon Brade traces the action.	Promising characterizations overshadowed by too intricate plot, and the sleuth will give you a pain, but it has its points.	Fair

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The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

A THIN black book with a negro's head on it in black and silver. The black spine of it is stamped in silver, "Black Man's Verse. Davis." The paper is coarse and the bold-face type is blunt. And on page 19 I read:

Tired looking houses of brown stone
Ramshackle flats with sightless eyes
A surface car throws a handful of white
sparks at cracked red bricks
An L train roars oaths at backyard
clotheslines
Mornings on South Parkway flats sit like
silent cats watching the green mice of
buses running up and down the boule-
vard
And only grass has heard the secret of
vacant lots

This poet can express himself! Who is he? I turn to the end of his introduction. Toward the last, after a couple of paragraphs with a humorous shrug in them, the poet ends:

> It is merely enough to say that I, *Frank Marshall Davis,* a Duskymerican born December 31, 1905, in Arkansas City, Kansas, and exposed to what is termed education at the public schools there, at Friends University in Wichita and at Kansas State College, have written this foreward [*sic*] in Chicago, Illinois, June 24, 1935.

The book is printed in Chicago at the Black Cat Press. The verse is collected from a number of small magazines and anthologies. The passage I quoted above is from the first poem entitled "Chicago's Congo" (*Sonata for an Orchestra*). Many of his poems refer to music, like "Lynched," (*Symphonic Interlude for Twenty-one Selected Instruments*) "Jazz Band," "The Slave" (*For a Bass Viol*), "Lullaby" (*Melody for a 'Cello*), and so on. He has rhythm and music in him and fiery words and fresh phrases and images. Obviously he has read Whitman, Sandburg, Lindsay, and "Spoon River," but his voice is his own voice too. He is a realist in speaking up for his own race, in his picture of the steel mills at Gary, Indiana, in his pictures of Chicago,—and his love songs are those of a black Solomon. In "Georgia's Atlanta" he shows his complete awareness of the Southern white's attitude toward the negro. Yet there is not a trace of whining or maundering in this book. There is a natural dignity in the utterance, and intelligence. All this poet needs to do is to go ahead and forge a style wholly his own. As it is he can work notably in free verse.

In "André Spire and His Poetry," *Stanley Burnshaw* gave us a notable analysis of free verse. In fact *Alfred Kreymborg* has averred that if twenty years ago anything as intelligent as what Burnshaw has had to say had then been said about this medium "we would have been spared the oceans of twaddle spewed forth by pro- and anti-verslibrists alike." Now Burnshaw gives us a poem of his own, "The Iron Land," a poem it has taken him eight years to write. It was begun back in 1927. Passages of it have appeared in periodicals both American and European. Today Burnshaw reviews poetry and the arts of the theatre for *The New Masses,* and his criticism is always worth reading. He was once a white-collar mill worker, after studying at several universities both here and in France and taking his M.A. at Cornell. His experiences in a large industrial plant furnished the material for the present poem. I have read it with much interest. It is a unit of progressive episodes. It is as alive as Davis's dusky verse. It treats of the slavery of men under modern industrialism. Burnshaw too has freshness of phrase, and in such sections as "Men in the Rain" and "Marriage By Wind," he conveys the whole staleness of office life in most impressive fashion. In "Three Worker-Gangs" he stamps upon the page a striking picture of labor under the sun. To give an example of his handling of words, though the following, "After Storm: August," is one of his least important interludes, I quote it nevertheless because it is short enough to quote entire and not mangle:

There was a wail of quiet. Then I heard
A rat's white, hollow strumming on the
floor.
The tent-flaps rumbled in a husky word
Born of a wind's last roar—
While up above the shore
Wet webby grayness skidded down a tree
And wrapped the water's limbs in curdling
cold.
Then like a cry crackling the slow sea
A sling of sunflame whipped the grey to
gold.

For the most part, however, he too uses free verse. He rebels hotly against the cribbed, cabined, and confined state of workers in the mills, and his sympathies are all collectivist. But even though Communism should replace Capitalism, there would still be intensive work in such mills, as there is in Russia today. Working conditions, we may hope, would be greatly improved and some series of shifts arranged (under more than a cut-throat wage-scale) so that the workers could lead fairly human lives. That is true. And Mr. Burnshaw makes out, so far as a poet may, a fairly good case against exploitation. At any rate, his observation of industry has been first-hand.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN

Literary Fellowships

FOR 1936

Two Literary Fellowships of $1,000 each (exclusive of subsequent royalties) are offered to writers of promise who need financial aid to complete some literary work.

These fellowships will be given to the writers who submit, before April 1st, the most meritorious projects for books (either fiction or non-fiction) that they wish to write. For details and application blanks, address Houghton Mifflin Company, 2 Park St., Boston.

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The New Books

Biography

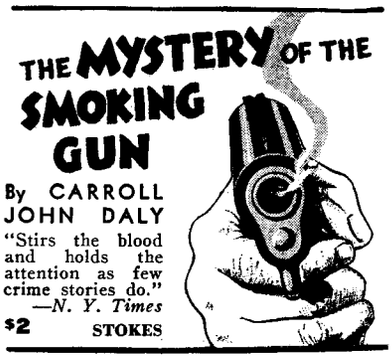
THE ANGEL OF THE ASSASSINATION. By Joseph Shearing. Smith & Haas. 1935. $2.75.

Of the many individuals thrown up into that brief and violent notoriety so often produced by the events of the French Revolution, none is more spectacular and more likely to be misunderstood than Charlotte Corday. The deed which she committed was melodramatic, grotesque, horrible, and useless. Disease could have spared Marat for only a few weeks more when she entered his offensive rooms and slew him as he sat huddled repulsively in his bath. The murder accomplished nothing, except, perhaps, the more relentless pursuit of the escaping Girondists who were thought to have inspired it. Designed to prevent, it merely precipitated, the reign of terror. And yet no act of violence was ever more nobly conceived, ever found for its perpetrator an instrument more pure, exalted, and selfless.

Charlotte Corday concealed under the maidenly exterior, which was all her few friends and relations saw of her, just such a spirit of patriotic fervor and loyalty as had formerly animated Joan of Arc. It was a patriotism nourished not on mystical visions but on their eighteenth century equivalents: the romantic and illusive doctrines of Rousseau, and the ancient, stoical virtues as exemplified in the Plutarchian heroes. On these she had meditated in her loneliness until they were a part of her nature. At first she had gloried in the turns of the revolution. This was the beginning of that millennium which was to bring peace and happiness to the France that she loved. But with the rise to power of the ungovernable mob and its leaders, she saw only terror and evil ahead. Marat assumed in her eyes the proportions of a tyrant such as not even Judith had had to face, and there seemed no end to his atrocities. She came to believe that his death alone could save her country and purify it of the stains which gave her such anguish, and with terrible, guileless despatch she stabbed to the heart the man whom she had sworn to kill. To her it was no crime, but the necessary deed of a noble Roman.

Mr. Shearing has told her story in this book with an austere simplicity that is properly in keeping with his subject. He wastes no space upon argument, defense, or condemnation, but simply gives us a straightforward narrative that, in the end, has pictured Charlotte Corday with an honesty that is wholly admirable. It is naturally a very melodramatic tale, but his rigorous, deft handling of it has eliminated those hysterical notes that are so likely to vitiate the best melodrama, and has given it the quality of high tragedy. It is unfortunate that hasty or careless proofreading has left so many inaccuracies of fact and grammar, but even this fault cannot seriously mar a book which is so patently a sincere and penetrating study of a most difficult personality.

C. D. A.


THE MYSTERY OF THE SMOKING GUN
By CARROLL JOHN DALY
"Stirs the blood and holds the attention as few crime stories do."
—N. Y. Times
$2
STOKES

Drama

HOKUSAI. Play in Fourteen Scenes. By Gustav Eckstein. Harpers. 1935. $2.50.

In Hokusai's long activity Dr. Eckstein discerns fourteen crises which he has defined and expressed in dramatic form in as many short scenes. The dialogue is terse, intentionally brittle, and quite unornamented. As a sort of title page for each scene is reproduced one of Hokusai's drawings. We have to do with a *tour de force* of simplicity, with an attempt to effect much with the sparsest means. As one reads an initial impression of thinness and even of dilettantism yields to a cumulative effect of intimate understanding. The austere and apparently fragile method is after all strong enough to bear the weight the author has imposed upon it. A full appreciation of this distinguished little book probably requires a certain knowledge of Japanese ideals, for there is a good deal between the lines.

F. J. M.

Fiction

DUST OVER THE RUINS. By Helen Ashton. Macmillan. 1936. $2.50.

This author first came into prominence with her novel, "Dr. Serocold," which she has since never bettered or, indeed, approached in fiction. Her father's life as a country doctor furnished her with the material for the best of her books; and while a novel like the present one contains interesting material—in the descriptions of an archeological expedition—the cast of characters is stereotyped, the psychological issues obvious at all times. We have the dominating, surly husband of a flighty young wife, a fine scientist whose career has been ruined by his ungovernable temper. We have the young romantic boy, out on his first "dig," and falling in love with the young wife. We have the elderly, pottering head of the expedition, and the faithful old maid assistant who is really in love with her cousin, the irritable husband. These people all act in easily-foreseen ways, and aside from excellent descriptions of northern Arabia, where the site of the "dig" is placed, the story drags. Of course the young woman finally causes a good deal of trouble, the young man makes an unpremeditated attempt to kill the older one, and finally the whole party breaks up and their time of stress is over. One does not care a great deal. Miss Ashton does not write badly but such a novel as this seems merely run of the mill.

W. R. B.

Medicine

MODERN HOME MEDICAL ADVISER. Edited by Morris Fishbein, M.D. Doubleday, Doran. 1935. $7.50.

If you are able to buy but one book this winter for family consumption this is unquestionably the one you should have. For here in one volume Dr. Fishbein and his distinguished collaborators offer you in comprehensible terms practically everything that an intelligent family should know—and almost never does—of their own bodies, of emergency first aid measures, of the diseases common and uncommon which may beset any or all of them. Here you will find the answers to your questions as to what is actually meant by such terms as "basal metabolism," "glandular inefficiency,"

(*Continued on page* 22)

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
THE GOLDEN HEIGHT *Marguerite Mooers Marshall* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love Story	Social Service Iris, offspring of divorce, fears insecurity and gives up newspaperman for handsome country boy with white teeth and lots of acres.	Corn mush
IT BEGAN IN EDEN *Frances Shelley Wees* (Macrae-Smith: $2.)	Novel	Meredith, a Ph.D. honey, almost goes the altar route with a Prof. The gal's sister and a crack reporter pull the double-cross—but smoothly.	Caviar
BLACK FEATHER *Harold Titus* (Macrae-Smith: $2.)	Romantic Adventure	Intrepid young trader baulks John Jacob Astor and his fur-bearing varlets in 1818 N.W. There's a girl around too.	Beaver
HAPPY JACK *Max Brand* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Western	They all laughed when Happy Jack sat down to play—the guitar. But when the smiling cow-hand plugged Charlie Lake in the belly —well, the West ain't seen anything like him.	B. B. shots

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The Compleat Collector

RARE BOOKS: CONDUCTED BY JOHN T. WINTERICH

In alternate weeks this Department is devoted to Fine Printing and is conducted by Carl Purington Rollins

All Sorts of Primers

THE NEW-ENGLAND PRIMER ISSUED PRIOR TO 1830. A Bibliographical Check-List. Compiled by Charles F. Heartman. New York: R. R. Bowker Co. 300 copies. $10.

AMERICAN PRIMERS, INDIAN PRIMERS, ROYAL PRIMERS, AND THIRTY-SEVEN OTHER TYPES OF NON-NEW-ENGLAND PRIMERS ISSUED PRIOR TO 1930. Compiled by Charles F. Heartman. Printed for Harry B. Weiss, Highland Park, N. J. 1935. 500 copies. $10.

IT is as certain as that the mastodon once shook the earth that a New-England Primer was issued at least as early as 1690, but no copy is today of record in advance of 1727. The New York Public Library is the proud custodian of this single tattered exemplar, and there is doubtless gnashing of teeth thereat in San Marino, for the next oldest—1735, also unique—is in the Huntington Library (here is one of the few instances of bibliographical orchestration where the Huntington has to play second fiddle). Of the 1737 edition two copies are known, of the 1738 one, of the 1744 one (conjectural), of the 1746 one, of the 1749 one, of two 1750 issues one each. All of these are Boston imprints—the first extra-Boston Primer discoverable is a New York edition of 1750, and the one copy known is housed, not in the New York Public Library, but in the Huntington.

Mr. Heartman's check-list, therefore, is, in addition, a complete census in its earlier entries—a fact which definitely heightens its interest. For here, proclaimed as loudly in the inevitable gaps as in the citations, is the story of America's first best-seller. It is a subject concerning which Mr. Heartman can assert a special competence. It is also a subject, perforce, concerning which the last word can never be written. Fresh primers—fresh at least to twentieth-century eyes—will forever be popping up, to the delight and discomfiture of collector, librarian, and bibliographer.

The non-New-England Primer is an even more confusing phenomenon than its famous prototype. Generally it attempted some slight degree, often a considerable degree, of secularization. Its importance, however, may be measured from the supposition that of every three primers that issued from colonial presses, at least one was other than a New England—and the ratio may have been as high as two in five. Mr. Heartman does pioneer work in this compilation.

As Issued

The final 1935 number of P. H. Muir's "Bibliographical Notes and Queries," completing Volume I, contains an index to the volume. David A. Randall of Scribner's is American editor and subscription-taker ($2.50 a year). B.N.Q. will be converted into a monthly at a guinea a year if a plebiscite now being conducted so favors. Watch this department for late election bulletins.

"Dard Hunter, the Mountain House, and Chillicothe," by Lloyd Emerson Siberell, has been issued by the Ailanthus Press, Box 83, Cincinnati, in an edition of 100 copies signed by Mr. Siberell ($1). A check-list of Mr. Hunter's books is appended.

"Notes on the Causes and Prevention of Foxing in Books," by Thomas M. Iiams of the Huntington Library and T. D. Beckwith of the University of California at Los Angeles, has been reprinted in pamphlet form from the *Library Quarterly* for October, 1935, for private circulation. Conclusions: Iron is the villain, but science will outfox it.

Allen T. Hazen and Edward L. McAdam, Jr., have compiled a catalogue (35 cents) of the recent exhibition of first editions of Samuel Johnson in the Yale University Library. The final page considerately and courageously lists important Johnson units which were not available for the exhibition.

The latest catalogue issued by House of Books, Ltd., 19 East 55th Street, offers a complete set (17 volumes) of the Pulitzer prize novels in first edition. Informative bibliographical notes are cited. Price, catalogue, free; complete set of the novels, $125.

The University of Texas Library has prepared a useful "Account of an Exhibition of Books and Manuscripts of Percy Bysshe Shelley, With Something of Their Literary History, Their Present Condition and Their Provenance" of which copies are available at fifty cents each from Donald Coney, Librarian. . . . A nearly-4000-years-old Babylonian contract that has never been unsealed is among the recent additions to the Yale Babylonian Collection, now on exhibition in Sterling Memorial Library. . . . When opened (as it will be, and by an expert) it will probably prove to be voided by the statute of limitations. . . . Or it will have a P.S.: "Burn this letter." . . . Proof that prosperity is taking the corner on two wheels: Gifts to Baker Memorial Library at Dartmouth during the last college year were 2005 volumes, an increase of 517 over 1933-34. . . . The Rosenbach Company's new "Catalogue of Rare Books of Six Centuries" lists 519 lots, among which, cheek by jowl, are A. Edward Newton's "A Tourist in Spite of Himself" at $3.50 and the Bradford 1694 "Laws of the Province of New-York" at $18,650. . . . And from Macy's Rare Book Shop comes Catalogue No. 1, with firsts of "The Good Earth" at $5.97, "Jude the Obscure" at $8.44, and "The Eighth Sin" with contemporary presentation inscription at $124 straight. . . . Members of the newly-organized Friends of the Lockwood Memorial Library in the University of Buffalo, whether alumni, associate, full or life, will enjoy among other privileges the right to withdraw new and old books and to secure reading lists on any subject.

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Miss Loveman's department is omitted from this week's issue of *The Saturday Review,* but will appear next week and in alternate weeks thereafter. Inquiries not answered in these columns will continue to be answered promptly by mail.

THE MAN WITH THE BATON

By DAVID EWEN

Author of "From Bach to Stravinsky"

The story of conductors and their orchestras with special chapters on Toscanini, Stokowski, Koussevitsky and others.

374 Pages, 26 Illustrations, $3.50

THOMAS Y. CROWELL COMPANY
393 Fourth Avenue New York

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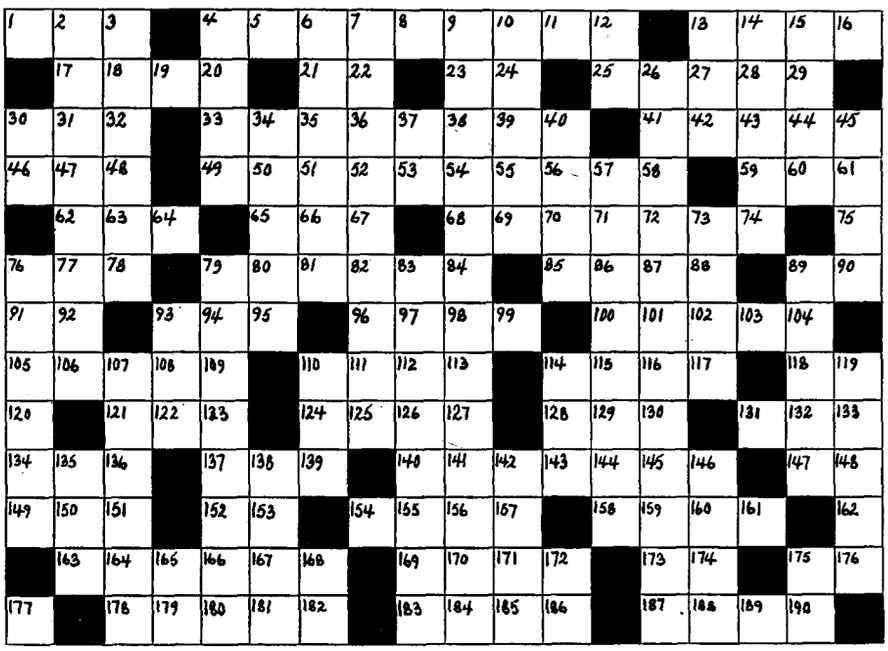
Double-Crostics: No. 95

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 16 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. The Deity.

II. Written.

III. Recently.

IV. One of the Apostles.

V. City in Washington State.

VI. Refractory.

VII. Place mentioned in Ezekiel XXX.

VIII. Novel by George Eliot.

IX. Pertaining to an old division of Spain.

X. Florentine painter (1276-1337).

XI. French town famed for its cheese.

XII. Small Alpine perennial.

XIII. Greek philosopher (about 287 B.C.).

XIV. Appreciative of the beautiful.

XV. Goddess of Victory (Gr. myth.).

XVI. School conducted by Mr. Squeers (Dickens).

XVII. Orchestral instrument.

XVIII. German composer (1895—).

XIX. River bends.

XX. Russian writer (1860-1904).

XXI. Offense suddenly taken.

XXII. To release from shackles.

XXIII. Fastens firmly.

XXIV. American caricaturist (1840-92).

WORDS

149 38 48 76 135 97 139

112 8 178 81 20 47 127

44 164 16 143 83 89 113 109

28 137 136 64 124 80 103 155 189 67 85

5 181 57 179 190 183 61

168 115 37 93 132 106 11

30 3 101 162 174 184 129 77 66 54 123

186 86 99 25 55 73 157 170 39 169 141

156 176 41 150 82 60 53 94 111 116

91 121 26 152 87 118

110 42 21 120 34 2 126 70 107 160

172 84 92 161 100 14 98 36 74

65 50 185 153 22 31 146 128 95 1 173 40

90 69 33 29 187 182 158 9 59

23 35 68 145

177 62 49 131 125 147 188 78 58

133 46 19 171 4 167 117

134 142 138 130 51 166 102 75 18

148 72 79 24 114 96

43 88 32 7 163 180 56

144 63 13 119

27 6 71 108 175 52 165 104 15

154 159 10 105 140 17

151 45 12 122

The New Books

(*Continued from page 20*)

"coronary thrombosis," "allergy"—terms your doctor uses so glibly and which in spite of his best efforts, he so seldom makes clear to you. For nothing which commonly concerns the physical health of men, women, and children from the time of conception to old age has been regarded as too small or too difficult to be included in this valuable symposium.

In the selection of his fellow contributors, Dr. Fishbein has used praiseworthy judgment. He has chosen men who have not only won national acclaim in their respective fields, but men who in addition possess the rare ability to translate their highly technical knowledge into terms understandable to the untrained reader.

M. S. U., M.D.

Miscellaneous

WHY WARS ARE DECLARED. By George Willison. New York: Basic Books, Inc.

THE EARTH AMONG THE STARS. By Marian Lockwood and Arthur L. Draper. The same.

CASTAWAYS OF PLENTY. By Willard E. Hawkins. The same.

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W. R. B.

Brief Mention

Among recent books are *Stormy Years*, the autobiography of Carter H. Harrison, five times mayor of Chicago (Bobbs, Merrill, $3.75), and also the new edition of Sigmund Freud's *Autobiography* with new material (Norton, $2). * * * W. S. Berridge's *All About Reptiles* is an encyclopedic volume which covers also frogs and toads and is abundantly illustrated (McBride, $2.50). * * * Another reprint is Charles A. Beard's *An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States*, a book so timely that it has been reissued with a new introduction (Macmillan, $2). * * * Will James's *Home Ranch* (Scribner's, $2.75) is a typical Will James book. The *Manon Lescaut* of the Abbé Prévost has been newly translated from the edition of 1731 by that admirable scholar and writer, Helen Waddell (Dutton, $2). * * * A scholarly and thoroughgoing manual upon *Current English* study, usages, tendencies, pronunciations, etc., etc., is by Arthur G. Kennedy (Ginn & Company).

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PERSONALS

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SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES. An old-time hostelry, and unspoiled countryside —In the metropolitan area. Illustrated booklet on request. Norwalk, Telephone 2300, Connecticut.

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PERSONALS

WISH CORRESPONDENCE with interesting man over forty-five. Merryheart.

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YOUNG MAN, New Yorker, interested in arts, music, literature, would like to hear from young lady similarly inclined. Nanki-poo.

MAY I TELL your children about trees and birds, give them piano lessons, and be their governess-tutor? College graduate, approaching end of piano study in Boston, is eager for such a position. Box 5-B.

WITH THIS ISSUE, three more bookshops join the ranks of those who are selling *The Saturday Review* to their customers, making a total of 227 throughout the country. If you have not yet signed up, write for details today. The SRL supplies an attractive three-piece, metal display unit which sells the new books as well as copies of the magazine, and the price to the Trade is only 75 cents for the three pieces, postpaid. Bookstore Department, *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

NOTHING lately has pleased Old Quercus more than an editorial note in *The Commonweal* paying homage to Paul Bourget. There was a time, a little more than 20 years ago, when we were reading everything of Bourget that we could lay hands on. Particularly we recall the titles *Le Sens de la Mort* and *Le Démon de midi;* and though memory is vague of the stories themselves we can still feel the exquisite clarity and sureness of Bourget's intuitions; a sense of firm crisp mastery; little human enigmas crackling in rich creamy prose just like that modern breakfast food whose grains go pop. ☞We got something of the same delight from Bourget that we had from Joseph Conrad, in those days when we were still a reader unspoiled. ☞It was R. L. Stevenson, a good judge of a psychological tale if there ever was one, who set us on to Bourget. We even tried, fantastic as it seems, to get some of Bourget's later work translated in this country, but no one seemed to hanker for it. ☞We learn from *The Commonweal* that *Le Démon de midi* is "a valuable Catholic thesis-novel" but it never occurred to us that it was sectarian, just a grand and burrowing story. ☞We liked what we saw somewhere about Bourget, that his father intended him to be a mathematician but to raise him up to the table to study his lessons he was sat on a big Shakespeare and this seduced him into the joys of literature. ☞A writer like Bourget (as our infatuated heart remembers him) makes most English-language novelists look like bumpkins. ☞Or was it partly the charm of a foreign language?

☞The historian of the National Amateur Press Association (Edna H. McDonald) shows us the delightful advertisement of Helm Spink, printer in Louisville, Ky., trying to sell some Scotch (type, not whiskey). Mr. Spink writes:—

> "This Scotch Roman has been lying around for years in the shop where I work, and it depresses my amateur journalistic heart to see it idle, never having known the touch of printer's ink, when some young zealous journalist could make it serve its purpose, carrying thoughts from his eager pen to the printed page and out to the world to be read. These pounds and pounds of unused type, I think I should explain, are not needed in our plant because we have the same face on the machine. I wish I were a boy with a printing press and could get hold of the type I'm trying to sell—8, 10, and 12 point Scotch."

☞Occasionally an English book comes to hand bearing the name of a printer which pleases us, The Mayflower Press (Wm. Brendon & Son) of Plymouth, England. We like the sentimental association implied and wonder whose idea it was?

☞Politzer, well known to the trade as a versatile designer of book jackets and posters, is sponsoring a new process of color printing known as the Harrison Method. He expects it to be in general use this year. Eliminating the high cost of color plates, according to Mr. Politzer, the Harrison Method will make it possible for children's books, posters, and book jackets to be printed in several colors, even when the quantity printed in one run is comparatively small.

☞In the Rosenbach Company's latest catalogue (*Rare Books of Six Centuries*) we learn that the prognostic for the day preceding the signing of the Declaration of Independence was *thunder*. This is found in *Poor Richard Improved* (a continuation of Ben Franklin's famous almanac) for the year 1776. ☞In the same catalogue we note that the first appearance in print of the name *America* for the New World was in Martin Waldseemüller's *Cosmographiae Introductio*, 1507.

☞Among the lectures now being given at the Winter Institute of Literature at the University of Miami (Florida) these sound specially agreeable: *The Ink of History*, by Bernard De Voto, and *The Uses of Ambiguity*, by Robert Frost. ☞The first lecture by A. Edward Newton on the Rosenbach Fellowship at the University of Pennsylvania was on January 14, *Bibliography and Pseudo-Bibliography*. January 21 Mr. Newton's topic will be *Book Catalogues*, and January 28 *Essays and Essayists*. ☞Somebody once said that the test of real fame in literature is to be reprinted in the *Old Farmer's Almanac*. Our excellent correspondent Arthur Bell reports that he has made that grade; his poem about a musk-rat is in the 1936 O. F. A., which is now published by Little, Brown.

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("Goodnight, My Darling" has been reprinted as an attractive booklet with a picture of the author's mother—Margaret Jefferson, daughter of America's beloved actor Joe Jefferson—on the cover, in color. The publishers will gladly mail you a copy with their compliments, if you will send them the coupon below.)

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